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AUGUST 2004

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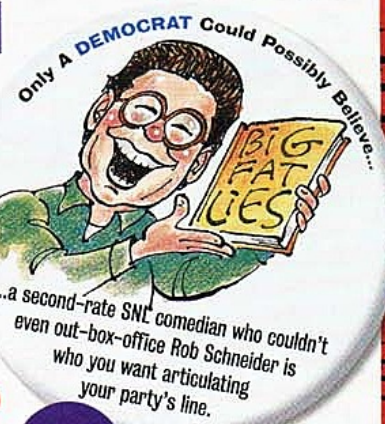
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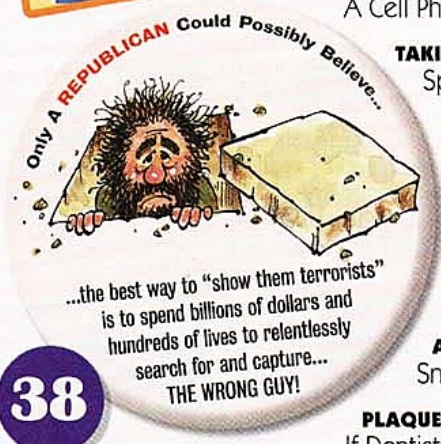
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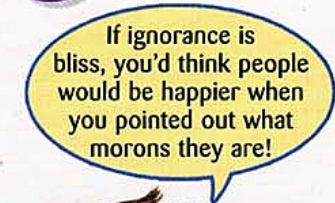
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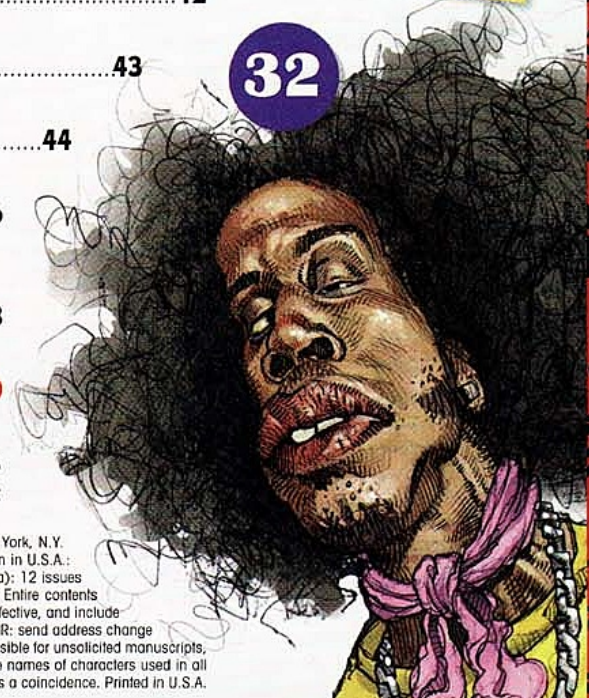


ALFRED E. NEUMAN

FRONT COVER ARTIST:
MARK FREDRICKSON

"THE LAST SUPPER" ARTIST:
RICHARD WILLIAMS

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THE BIG TEACHER'S PET

When I was done with a test in school, I began reading a MAD. My teacher caught sight of the cover and yelled "What's that?" She grabbed the issue right out of my hands, looked at it more closely and sent me to the principal's office. I was suspended for two days because I'd been given warnings before about bringing MAD to school and this was the last straw, they said!

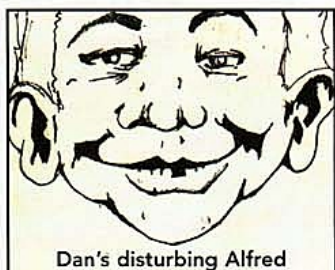
Edward Mjelde, San Diego, CA

Special Ed — Thank you for your eye-opening tale. We're sure that our readers will learn a great deal from your experience. Namely, that reading MAD in class is a sure-fire way to land a long weekend. No need to thank us! —Ed. If any of you have stories involving teachers and MAD, send them to: Amy "The Big Teacher's Pet" c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019!

MUCH ADO ABOUT HUTCHINGS

I was stoked to see my envelope in MAD #441. Everyone in group thought it was wicked cool. Seeing my "art" inspired me to send this next envelope. My Alfred E. is coming along nicely (now it actually looks like him). Soon I will begin placing said idiot kid's mug on many and various people, animals and objects. Jim Hutchings will weep in bitter lament over his downfall. Prepare for the age of the Root, an age of black ink and stamps and envelopes and MAD magazine.

Dan Root, Pittsfield, MA



Dan's disturbing Alfred

You Can't Handle the Root — Normally we love when someone tries to out-envelope the unstoppable force known as Jim Hutchings. True, Jim's contributions sometimes leave us a little unsettled. But yours, Dan, chills us to our very souls. Simply put, Jim is the lesser of two evils — and that's *really* saying something! We'll print your Alfred, but the rest of the envelope will be sent to the proper authorities! Thanks for writing! —Ed.



The Big Easel

I'm a big dork! So my "Big Easel" entry is some ASCII art. It's Alfred E. Neuman. I hope this is the only entry you get so my pathetic attempt will make print.

Logan Feeley, Concord, NC

Touchy Feeley — Thank you for your submission — and for saving us the trouble of labeling you a big dork! We can safely say that yours will be the *only* ASCII art submission we will ever get. But if you squint at our response to B.J. Kuxhausen, you can make out a startling portrait of MAD artist John Caldwell! —Ed.

P.S. Think you can do better than Logan? Send in the pictures of your Alfred creations using uncommon and unconventional art materials to: Amy "The Big Easel" c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019!

MAD CELEBRITY SNAPS



When my previous three-year subscription to MAD (thanks to a picture of Spike Lee and I in issue #398) ran out last November, I felt a lot of emotions — most strongly, cheapness. Currently lying for *Star* magazine in Los Angeles, I figured I could probably get a copy of a celebrity holding MAD in the seconds before they and/or their publicists punch me in the face. Then I remembered that Jonny Fairplay's in love with my boss and decided it would be easier to just exploit that relationship. Jonny complained that **THE ED'S NIFTY FIFTY** list had "Johnny (sp) Fairplay or Rupert Boneham" and I tried consoling him by saying that I didn't make the list at all — but that didn't make him feel any better. He then took both the issue with the **THE ED'S NIFTY FIFTY** list and the issue I had him hold (where he's mentioned in *Monroe*) and sojourned with my boss (whom I'm also in love with). She may care about him more for *almost* winning *Survivor*, but let's see how she feels for someone who *does* win a three-year subscription to MAD.

Josh Herman, Los Angeles, CA

Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™

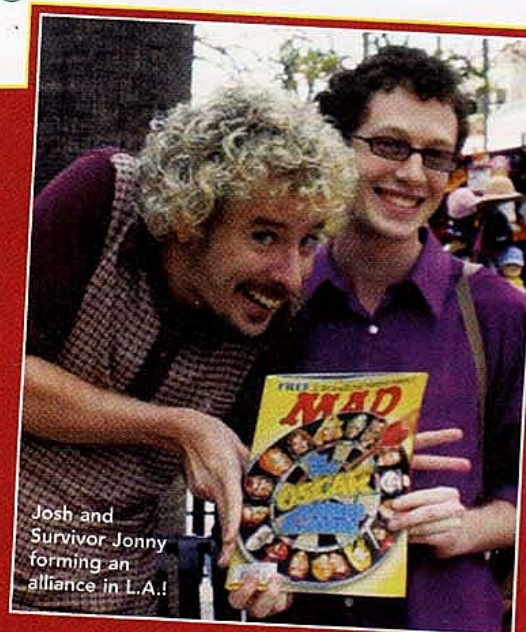
I have a wish for the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation*™. I'm an eighth grader right now, and am going to be a freshman soon. I can't wait until high school, because I will soon be able to drive — but that's the problem. I recently inherited a 1976 Datsun 710 station wagon and it really isn't a "pimp mobile." I was hoping, using your highly advanced computer graphics, that you could soup up my ride and give me a good reason to attend high school next year.

B.J. Kuxhausen, Glenwood, IA



Let it B.J. — You're in luck! The board of the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation*™ loved the idea of "pimpin' your ride"! We hope you like the improvements! For starters, we changed your oil and filters; we realigned your tires; we replaced your brake pads; we gave you some fly new fan belts; we topped off your anti-freeze and gave you some new wiper blades! We know your new tricked-out Datsun will have the *shorties* buggin'! Thanks for writing to the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation*™ —Ed.

P.S. to readers: Think you can do a better job pimpin' out B.J.'s car? Just send a picture of your designs (please include your e-mail address) to: Amy "The Big Pimp Out" c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019!



Josh and Survivor Jonny forming an alliance in L.A.!

Osh Kosh B'Josh — We're gonna give you the three-year subscription. However, clearly the *real* winner is your boss — who has somehow managed to snap up two of California's most eligible bachelors in one fell swoop! Not since Charles Manson has a single person so captivated a bunch of wackadoos! Congrats! —Ed.

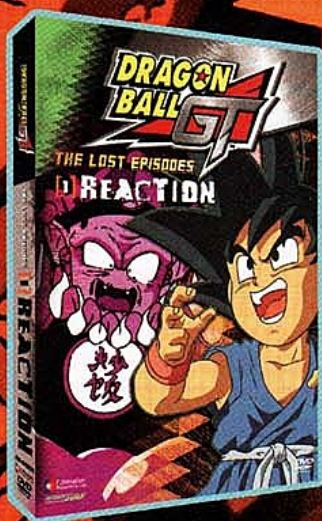
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WHO WILL BE PRESIDENT OF THE MONROE FAN CLUB?

In MAD #441 we asked readers to send in their names and a brief explanation as to why they should be the new President of the Monroe Fan Club and not Robert Driver (who is trying to oust current ne'er-do-well President Ken McClelland). The response was overwhelming! What follows are the platforms of the candidates. But first, we begin with a missive of dissent:

First off, I would just like to respond to the obviously misinformed Robert Driver that there is no sense in replacing Ken McClelland as the President of the Monroe Fan Club, for it has already been done, and I was elected the Chief of Monroe a mere year ago (MAD #428). I would love to accept that trigger-happy Driver, but as the Constitution of Monroe has been stated in Article Z, Rule 238 — "There shalleth be no reelection to the duties of President for three complete years unless the nominee declines the votes" — sorry, but no go!

Zeb Williams, Candler, NC

Lil' Zebbie — It's true, we did forget you were the duly elected President of the Monroe Fan Club, but can you blame us? If you were a team player, if you had done a single thing for your constituents, you wouldn't be in the same reviled position as your ne'er-do-well predecessor, Ken McClelland. Your mad grab for power is shameful and has all been for naught! In the immortal words of Donald Trump: "We're letting you go!" —Ed.

I hereby nominate myself, Gloria Tarantino, to be President of the Monroe Fan Club. I promise to be a fair leader. I will be active in the everyday events and lives of all the people, unlike that lazy, sorry loser of a President we have now, Ken McClelland. I promise that if any shady dealings go on while I am in office I will, in true political fashion, deny any wrongdoing until my dying day. I will be a woman for the people. As leader, I promise that Monroe will get the respect and the last name he deserves! Power to the Monroes! Vote Tarantino in 2004!

Gloria Tarantino, Gladwin, MI

I believe that I, Marion Czechowski, should be the new President of the Monroe Fan Club! Why, you ask? I am only 12 years old and so I won't just up and die like some old-timers!

Marion Czechowski, Forestville, NY

I'm really excited to get the once-in-a-lifetime chance to run for President of the Monroe Fan Club. I am the person you want because I don't use big words (don't believe in them) and I was the first member to join back in April, 2002. Never did I know it would change my life as little as it did.

Andy Anderson, Lakeland, FL

I hereby nominate myself to be the new President of the Monroe Fan Club. I'm 41 and probably won't become President of the United States, but this could be the next best thing for me. It would make my mom proud!

Tom Cutrofello, Woodside, NY

Like Robert, I also believe that Ken McClelland should be impeached and that I should take his spot. A look at my résumé easily shows that I am perfect for the job. Among other things I shouldn't be proud about, I was the winner of the Alfred E. Neuman look-a-like contest in the June, 2002, issue. I'm also looking forward to my possible career future (I'm either going to be a toilet cleaner at a local gas station or a janitor at the local high school). As President of the Monroe Fan Club, I promise to be a great leader for about two months and only after that start becoming lazy and inactive like Ken! Vote Pritzlaff in 2004!

John Pritzlaff, Milwaukee, WI

I think I should replace Ken as the President of the Monroe Fan Club. The reason is, I have lived very close to a kid just like Monroe for about three years. The similarities between them are creepy, right down to the bad haircut! So, I could understand exactly what Monroe and his family wants and needs. So vote Jeremy Flint for Monroe Fan Club President!

Jeremy Flint, Cocoa, FL

I have been a subscriber and reader of MAD for many years. Monroe and I go way back! So, if you all choose me to be the President of the Monroe Fan Club, I will not be scared, like Ken, and will pursue my duty as President.

Donnah Gordon, Bethel Island, CA

I am nominating myself as President of the Monroe Fan Club. As a charter member of the fan club, I have been eagerly waiting for Ken McClelland to begin activities, to no avail. Anyway, the first thing I would do, if elected, is encourage all readers of Monroe to read the panels of the stories all on one page first, instead of across the crack of the magazine, the way it is intended to be read, because it makes for a more amusing story. The second thing I would do is to have a contest for all fan club members to decide what it is that Monroe has on top of his head. Third, I would encourage fan club members to write in and tell why their lives are more pathetic than Monroe's. I would have prizes, give-aways, balloons and maybe even an autographed picture of Ken McClelland!

Darryl Gonzalez, Severn, MD

I would give anything in the world to replace the lazy, good-for-nothing Ken McClelland as President of the Monroe Fan Club. I strongly believe that Monroe is the glue (or in this case the staples) that hold your hilarious magazine together. Elect me, Miles Trahan, and I will give the growing number of Monroe fans a voice. P.S. In memory of Howard Dean, I'd like to leave you with my closing statement, "Yaaaaaaah!!!"

Miles Trahan, Port Washington, NY

Oh come on, a recall election? Please just let me lose my administration. The voters have spoken the first time!

Ken McClelland, Reston, VA



VOTE FOR THE MONROE FAN CLUB PRESIDENT!

OK readers, it's time for you to vote! Please mark the name of the candidate you'd most like to see as the next President of the Monroe Fan Club:

- | | | | |
|--|---|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> ZEB WILLIAMS | <input type="checkbox"/> ANDY ANDERSON | <input type="checkbox"/> JEREMY FLINT | <input type="checkbox"/> MILES TRAHAN |
| <input type="checkbox"/> GLORIA TARANTINO | <input type="checkbox"/> TOM CUTROFELLO | <input type="checkbox"/> DONNAH GORDON | <input type="checkbox"/> KEN MCCLELLAND |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MARION CZECHOWSKI | <input type="checkbox"/> JOHN PRITZLAFF | <input type="checkbox"/> DARRYL GONZALEZ | |

Mail your ballot to Amy "The Big Voter" c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019. You can also fax your ballot, in care of Amy, to 212-506-4848. We'll announce the "winner" in an upcoming issue. Remember, if you don't vote, you can't bitch!

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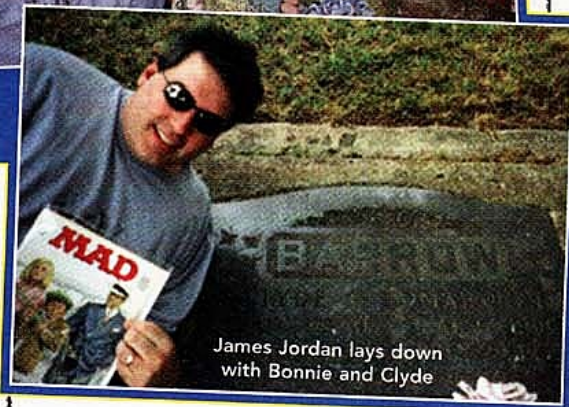
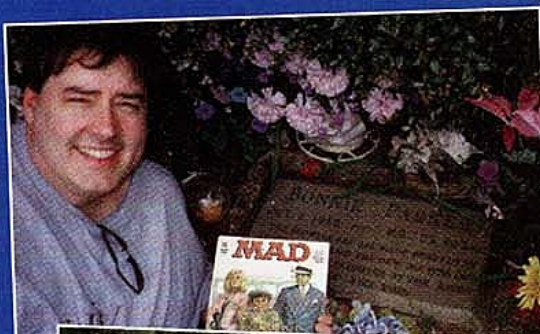
MAD CEMETERY SNAPS



After seeing your contest about celebrity graves, I started looking long and hard in the Dallas, Texas area. I found that Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow are resting peacefully somewhere in Dallas. I had seen that MAD #119 did "Balmy and Clod." I grabbed a copy of this issue at a local comic book store and started hunting for the final resting place of the young bloody bandits. Bonnie was easy to find, she is in a public cemetery in Dallas, but Clyde was another issue altogether. He is buried in a private cemetery in Dallas. I called around to get access to the property and had no luck. I found a Bonnie and Clyde tour that would take me to the private cemetery where Clyde is buried. I grabbed the issue, my camera and jumped on the tour bus. You can just imagine the looks on the faces of the over 45-year-old crowd standing around looking at the grave as I plopped down on the ground and my wife snapped the pictures. I never laughed so hard as I did getting back on the bus. I got to do it all over again an hour later at Bonnie's grave.

James Jordan, Lewisville, TX

Soup du Jordan — While we applaud your efforts to receive a one-year subscription for your Cemetery Snaps, we must question your fiscal logic. Bear with us as we do a little arithmetic. The cost of MAD #119: \$10; bus four tickets for you and the missus: \$30; and film development and processing: \$12.50. This brings the total cost of your "free" subscription to \$52.50! We're not even figuring in the price of bail money and marriage counseling. Ironically, your scheme to get a subscription took more planning and dangerous risks than any of Bonnie and Clyde's actual bank robberies! All you had to do was simply dial 1-800-4MADMAG! —Ed.



James Jordan lays down with Bonnie and Clyde

MAD FAN OF THE MONTH

Here is what happened to my son when I showed him MAD. What do you have to say in your defense?

Tilman Breitenstein, Wallingford, Ct

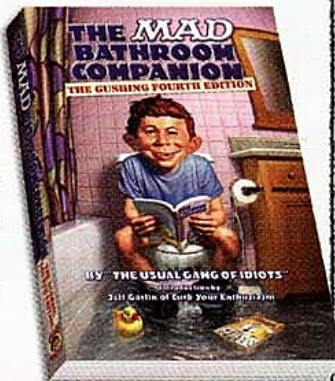
Kill Til — Your photo drives home two important points of child rearing. It's never too early to start your baby on a lifetime of reading MAD — or painful back problems! —Ed.



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VAN HELSING SPOOF AND OUR
TRAGIC PARODY OF TROY!**

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**OUR SPOOF OF FRASIER,
AND OUR ENTERTAINMENT
WEEKLY PARODY!**



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Contributing Artists And Writers

the usual gang of idiots

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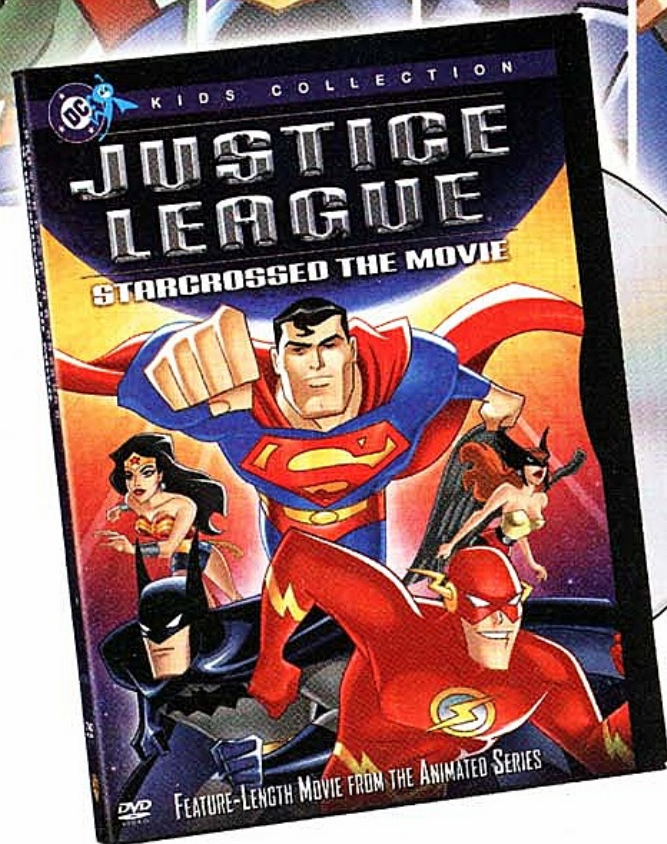
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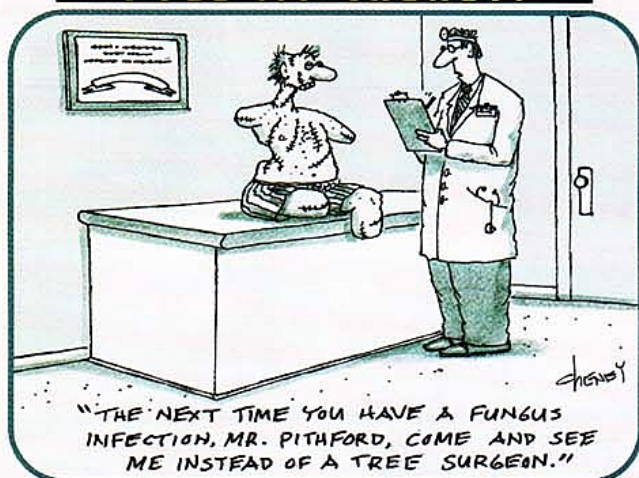
Which of the 4 choices best completes this phrase?

? GER NEVER
SOLVED ANYTHING

1. AN
2. JERRY SPRIN
3. ARNOLD
SCHWARZENEG
4. EATING A BOO



PULL MY CHENEY!



"THE NEXT TIME YOU HAVE A FUNGUS
INFECTION, MR. PITHFORD, COME AND SEE
ME INSTEAD OF A TREE SURGEON."

AFTER DEVOTING AN ENTIRE BROADCAST TO READING THE NAMES OF U.S. IRAQI WAR CASUALTIES... WHAT OTHER GIMMICKS IS TED KOPPEL PLANNING FOR NIGHTLINE?

General Edward
Braddock, age 45,
originally from
Perthshire, Scotland...



READ ALOUD THE NAMES OF EVERY
U.S. SOLDIER KILLED IN THE
FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR

The terror threat is yellow,
Tom Ridge announced this time;
A good thing it's not higher up,
since "orange" has no rhyme.



DO THE WHOLE PROGRAM
IN RHYMING COUPLETS

Tonight on
a special Nightline,
Bosnia:
10 Years Later...



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WEARING A DONALD
DUCK SUIT

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collector who will miss every plot
nuance because he's focused on
spotting obscure cameos by Marvel
inking and lettering guys.

2 Over-caffeinated,
chain smoking
video pirate,
whose quivering,
wet cough-riddled
product will be on
sale outside the
theater tomorrow
for ten bucks.

3 Die-hard fantasy fan
who's only interested
in the wildly out-
landish, fabricated
scenes — like those
that feature Peter
Parker's boss smoking
cigars in a New York
City office building.

4 Nostalgic "boomer"
who grew up
reading Spider-Man
comics and not
much else. Which
explains why he
has to call in sick
to the car wash in
order to be here.

5 Actually, he's
not there for
Spider-Man
2, but to
get an early
jump on the
line for the
Star Wars:
Episode III
premiere in
May, 2005.



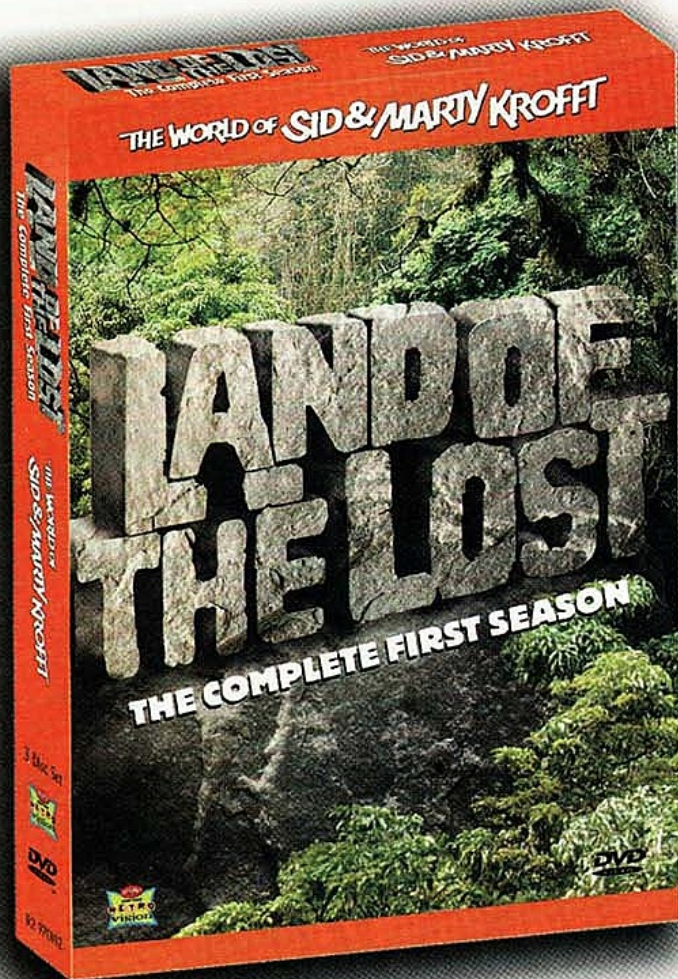
TICKETS



FRIENDS OF FUNDALINI

Ray Alma
Scott Bricher
Tom Bunk
John Caldwell
Tom Cheney
Desmond Devlin
Duck Edwing
Garth Gerhart
Gary Hallgren
Jeff Kruse
Scott Maiko
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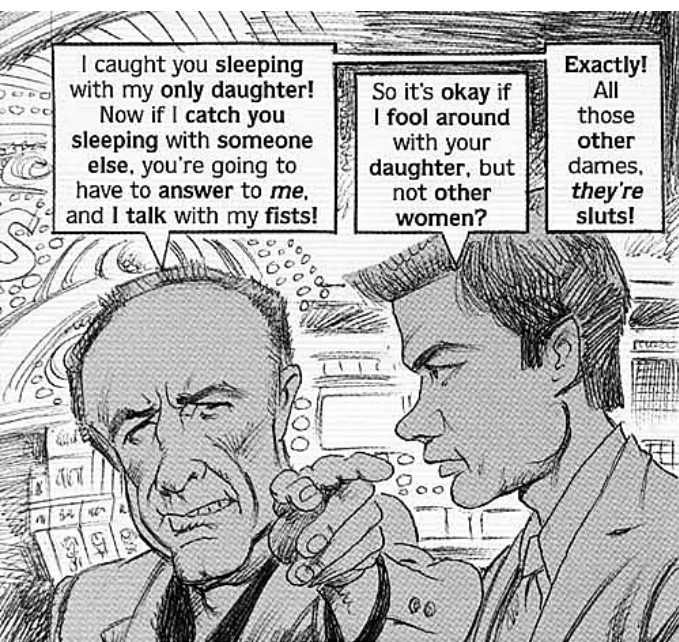


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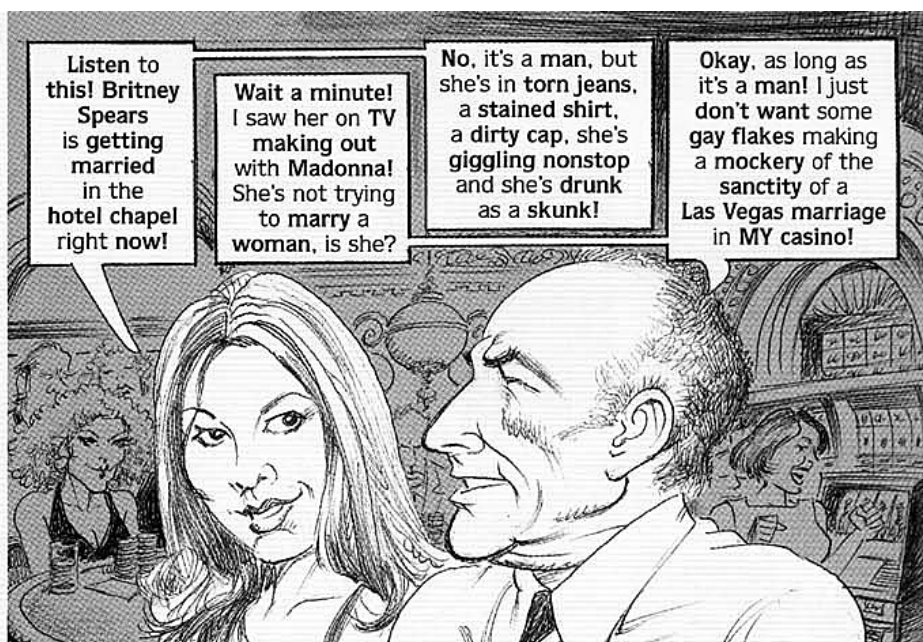




I caught you sleeping with my only daughter! Now if I catch you sleeping with someone else, you're going to have to answer to me, and I talk with my fists!

So it's okay if I fool around with your daughter, but not other women?

Exactly! All those other dames, they're sluts!

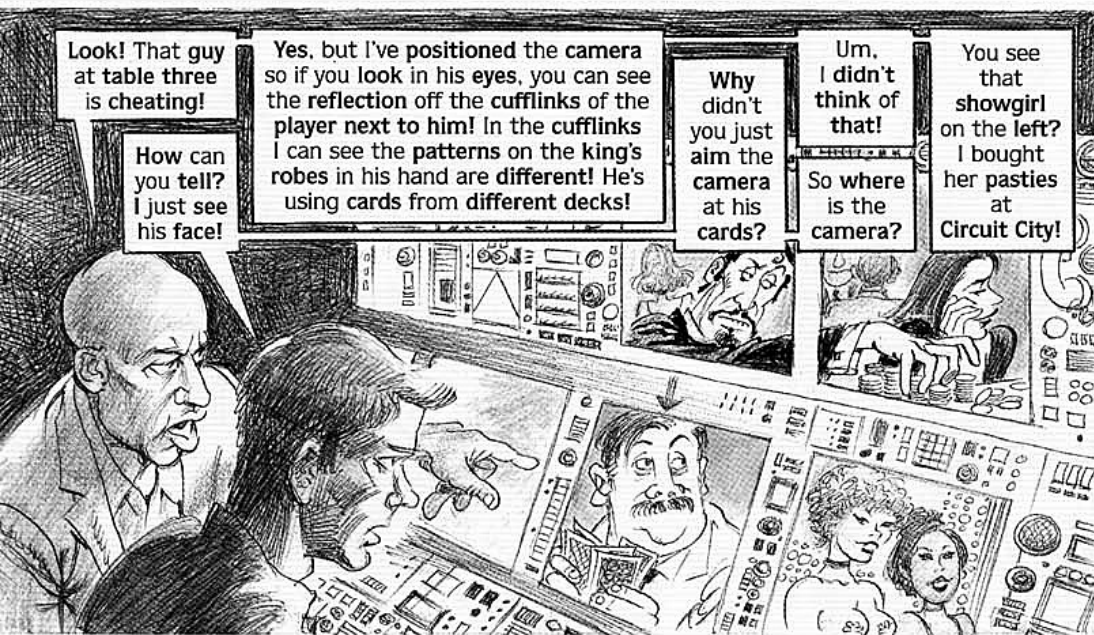


Listen to this! Britney Spears is getting married in the hotel chapel right now!

Wait a minute! I saw her on TV making out with Madonna! She's not trying to marry a woman, is she?

No, it's a man, but she's in torn jeans, a stained shirt, a dirty cap, she's giggling nonstop and she's drunk as a skunk!

Okay, as long as it's a man! I just don't want some gay flakes making a mockery of the sanctity of a Las Vegas marriage in MY casino!



Look! That guy at table three is cheating!

How can you tell? I just see his face!

Yes, but I've positioned the camera so if you look in his eyes, you can see the reflection off the cufflinks of the player next to him! In the cufflinks I can see the patterns on the king's robes in his hand are different! He's using cards from different decks!

Why didn't you just aim the camera at his cards?

Um, I didn't think of that!

So where is the camera?

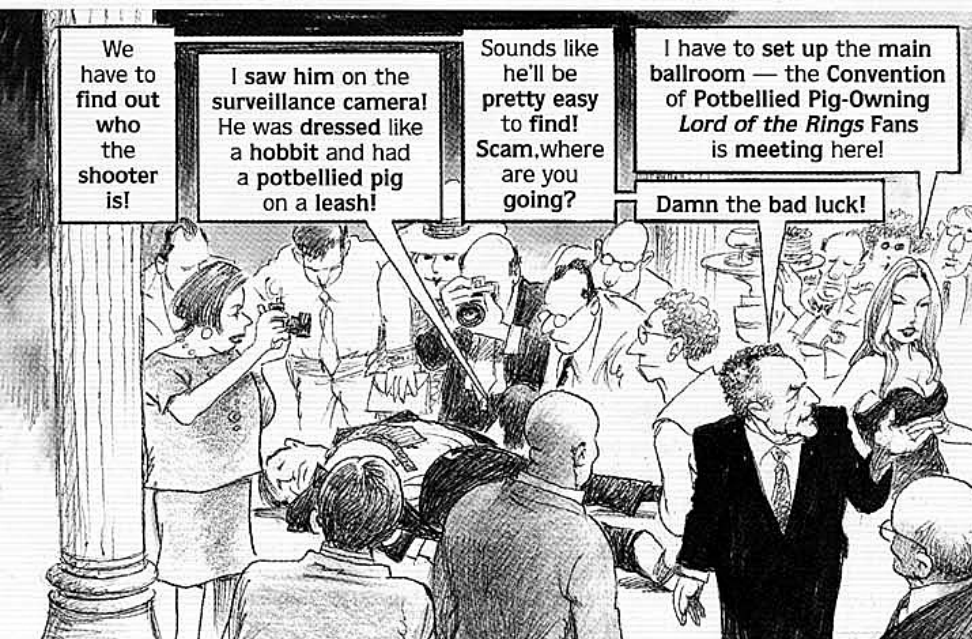
You see that showgirl on the left? I bought her pasties at Circuit City!



Boss, one of our guests has been shot!

Where was he shot? On his right side!

All right, comp the guy a liver!



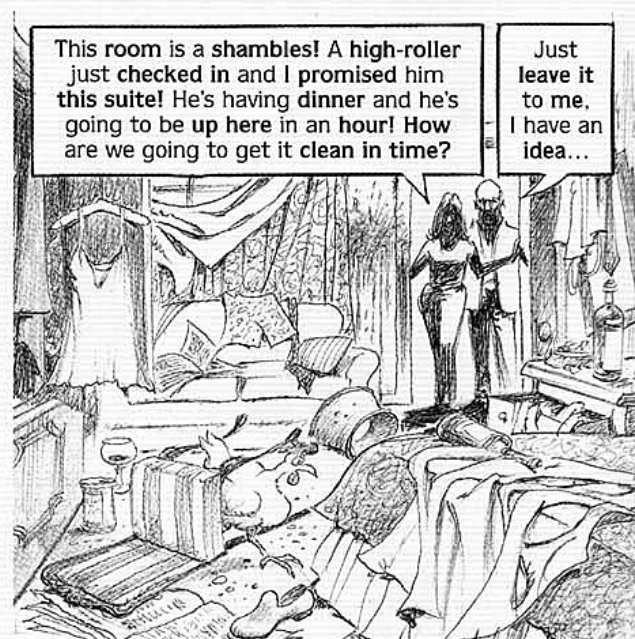
We have to find out who the shooter is!

I saw him on the surveillance camera! He was dressed like a hobbit and had a potbellied pig on a leash!

Sounds like he'll be pretty easy to find! Scam, where are you going?

I have to set up the main ballroom — the Convention of Potbellied Pig-Owning Lord of the Rings Fans is meeting here!

Damn the bad luck!



This room is a shambles! A high-roller just checked in and I promised him this suite! He's having dinner and he's going to be up here in an hour! How are we going to get it clean in time?

Just leave it to me. I have an idea...



LATER...

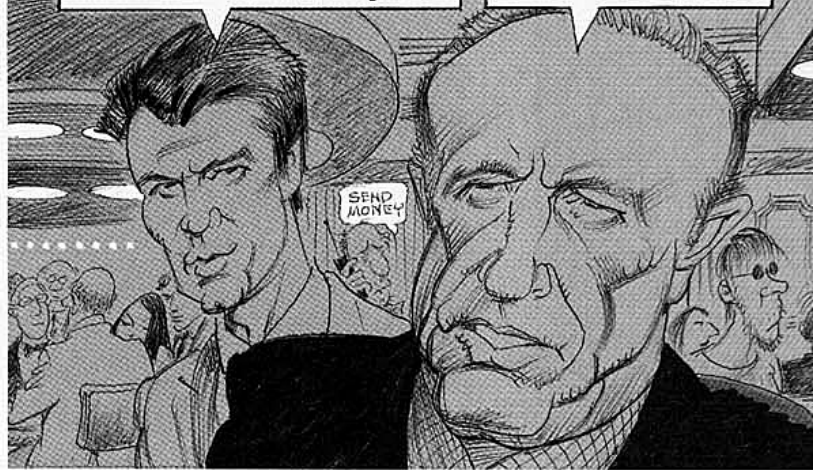
Wow!
How did you get this room so spotless?

Simple! I called up Gil Grissom and the CSI team and told them there was a grisly, unsolved murder in here... they showed up and removed every hair, every dust speck, every mysterious stain... they're better than a dozen maids!



You're in Las Vegas, Dread! The shows! The lights! The excitement! The glamour! Yet you have a sourpuss expression every day and never so much as crack a joke!

Yeah, imagine how I'd be if I worked in some dull, culturally bereft hellhole like Raleigh-Durham, North Carolina!



What'll you men be having?

I'll have a three-minute egg!

I'll have a bowl of broken glass...with whole milk!

Whole milk? Man, you're a tough guy, Dread!

I was in the CIA, you know!

What sort of operations did you do?

Mostly in Latin countries... Panama, El Salvador, Spain...

What did you do in Spain?

Let's just say you never heard anything else from those guys who recorded "The Macarena"...you follow?

Here's your food, guys!

Wait a minute! This is hard-boiled! I said I wanted a three-minute egg!

Sorry fella, there aren't any clocks in Vegas! I do the best I can!



A woman in the casino just took off her shirt and is dancing topless on the casino floor!

Quick! There's only one way to handle this: charge everyone in the area a cover and a two-drink minimum!

Okay, boss! Wow, that's why he makes the big money!



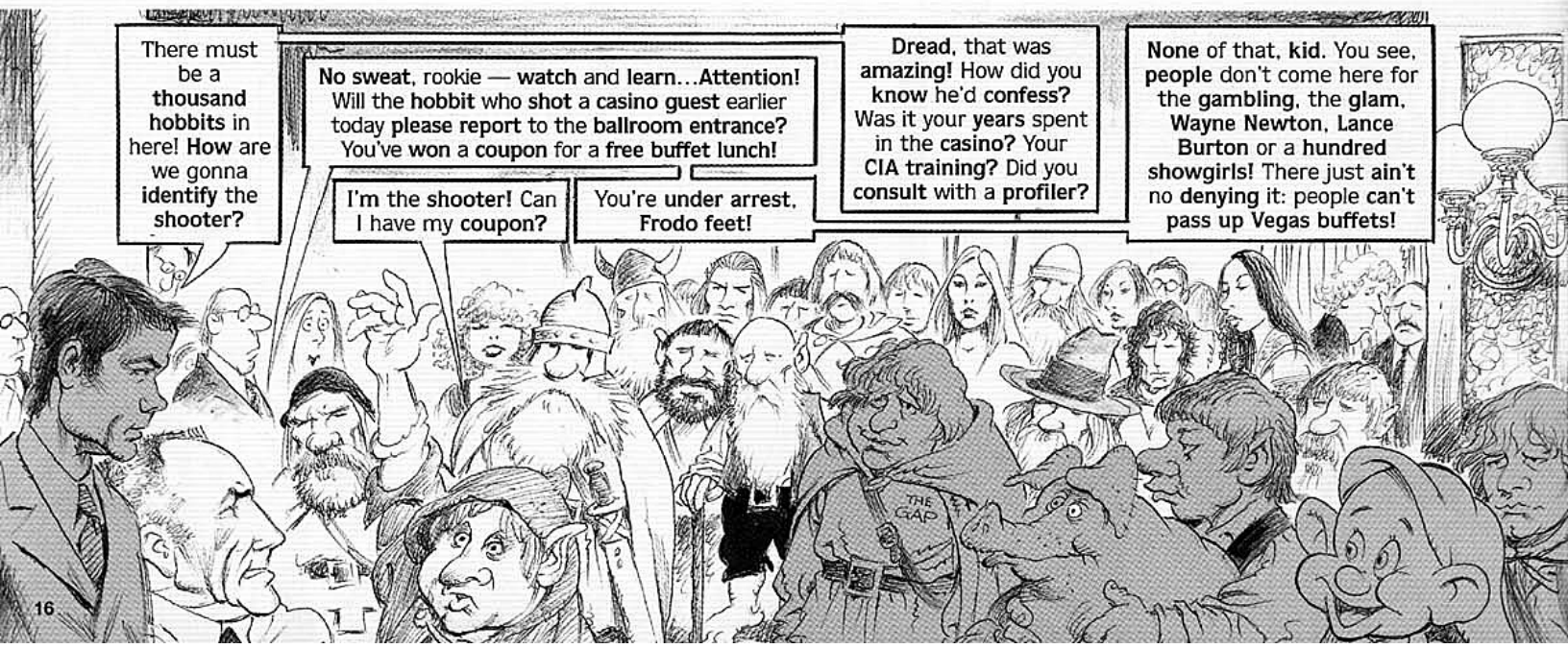
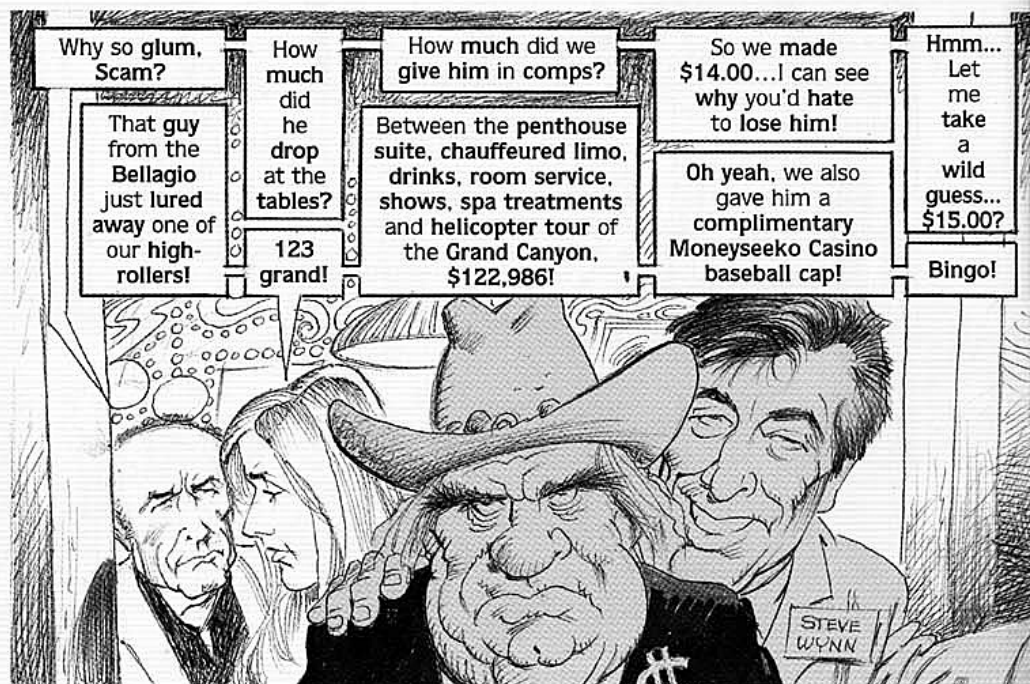
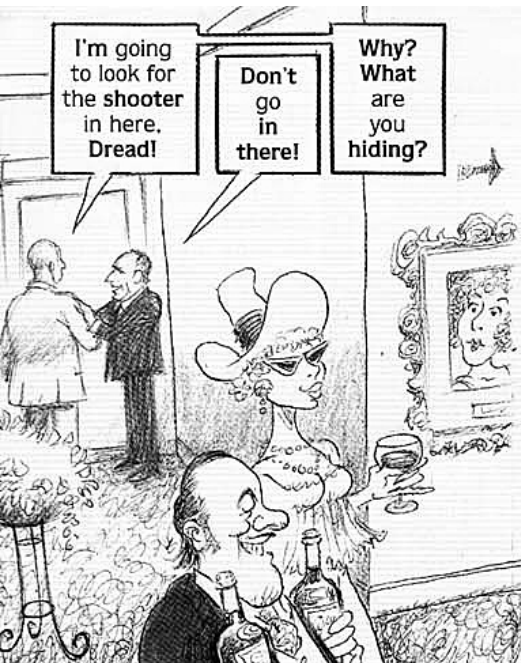
We're very happy to have you as a guest at our resort...as a token of our appreciation, we have two complimentary tickets to the Celine Dion show for you! Front row!

Front row? I came here to receive V.I.P. treatment and that's what you offer me? Can't you get me something better?

Better?

Like the 60th row! Have you heard that woman sing? She brays like a crazed donkey!





GI JOE

A REAL AMERICAN HERO!

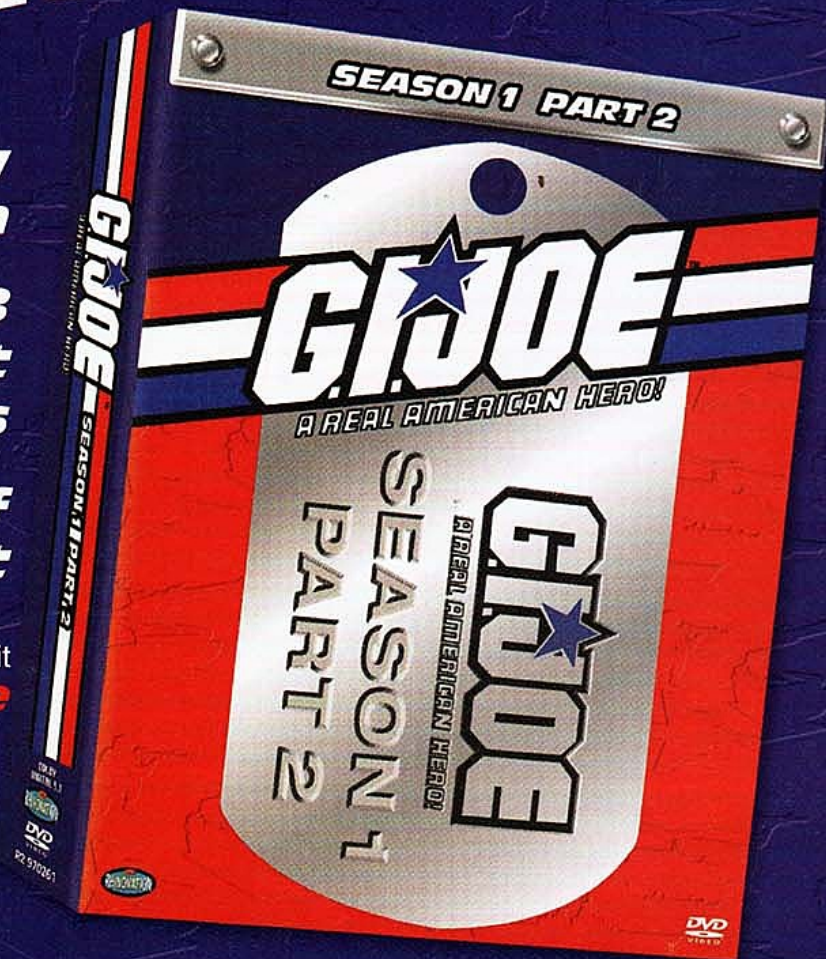
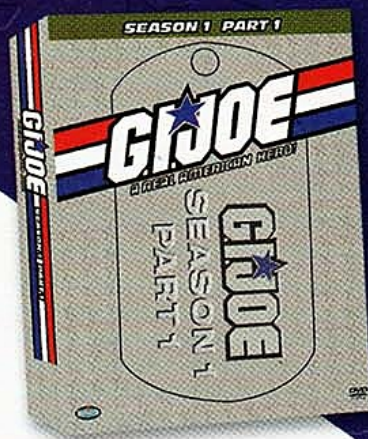
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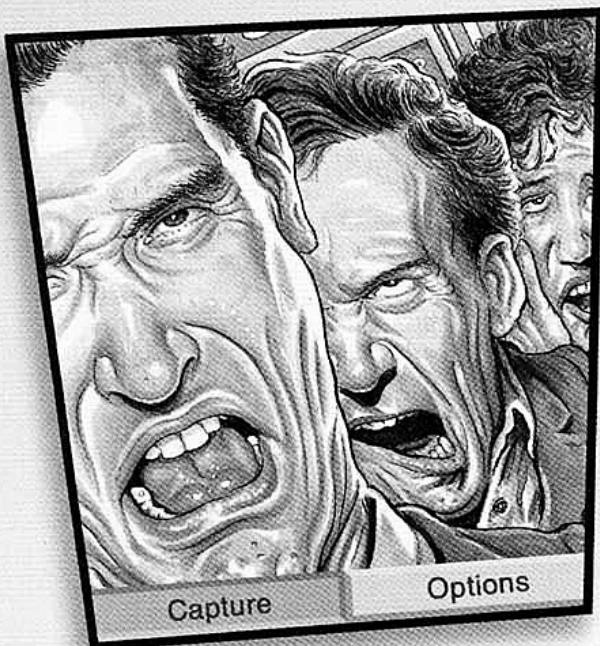
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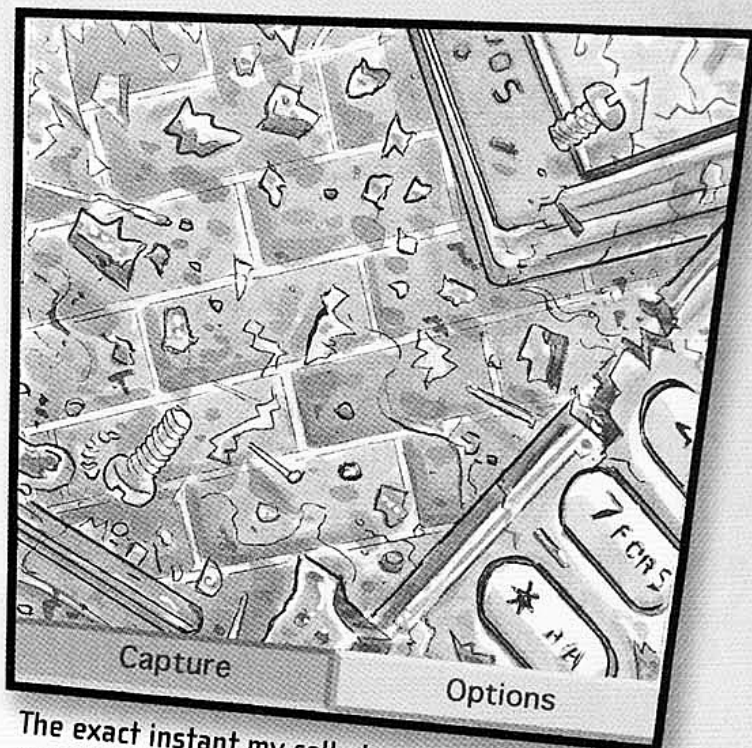




On an elevator,
the complete
strangers I'm
forcing to
listen to
my conversation
with my
proctologist!

Capture

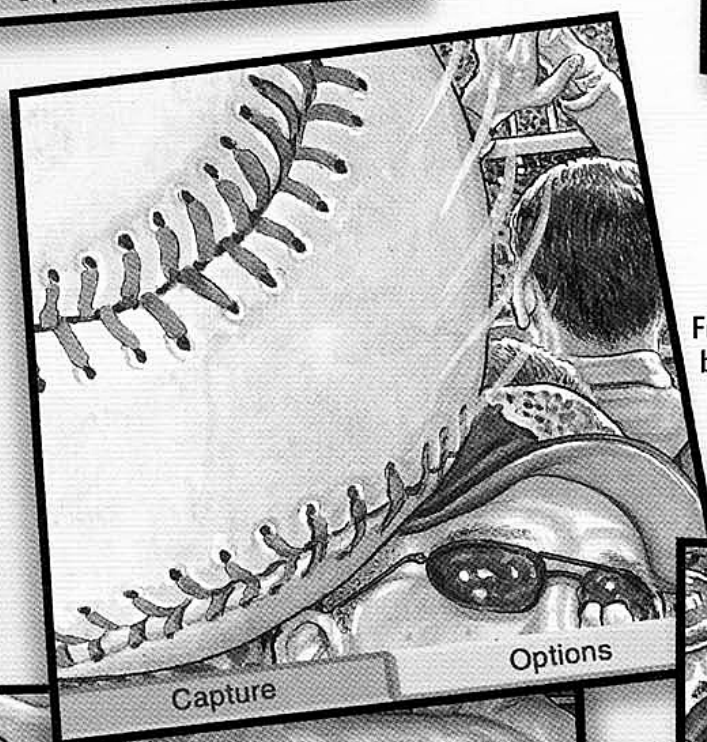
Options



The exact instant my cell phone hit the wall and
smashed to bits, after I hurled it for losing the
battery charge in the middle of a call (again)!

Capture

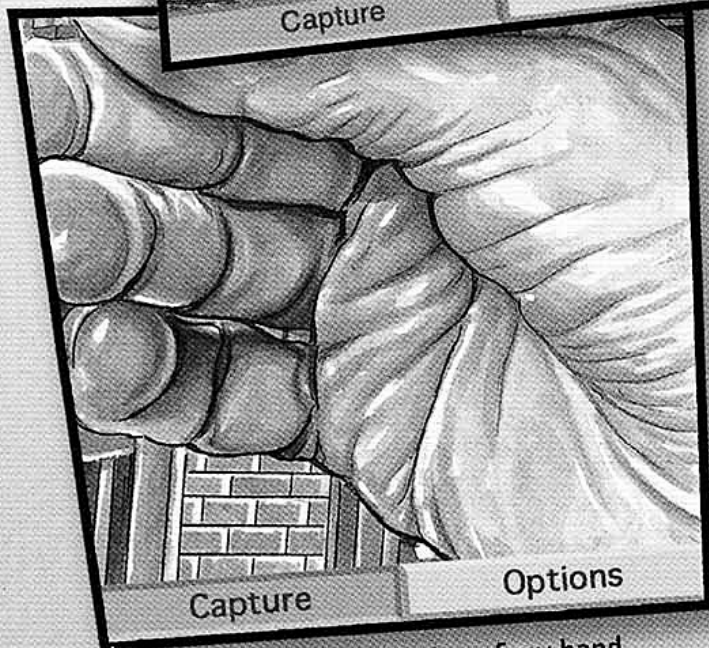
Options



Foul ball just microseconds
before it knocked me out cold,
while I was distracted taking a
call at a baseball game!

Capture

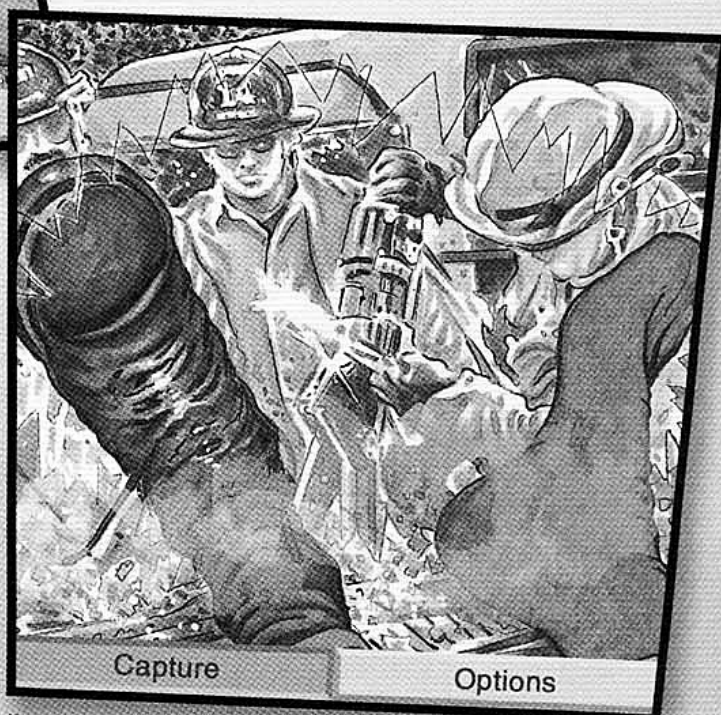
Options



Capture

Options

One of 2,874 photos of my hand
I accidentally snapped while talking!



Capture

Options

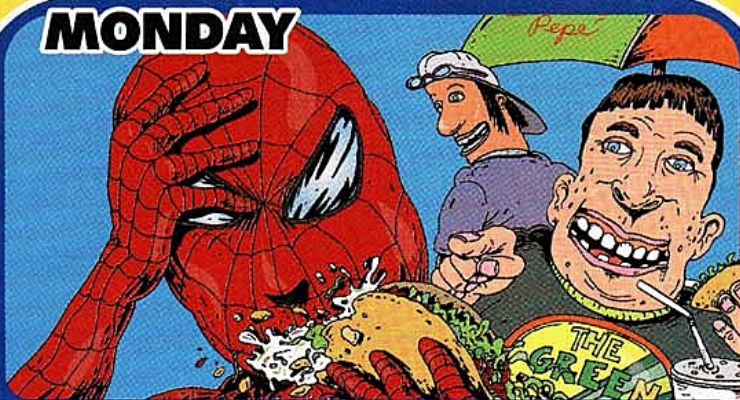
Rescuers with the "Jaws of Life," coming to pry me
out of my car after I wrapped it around a pole while
driving and talking on my phone at the same time!



TAKING ONE DAY AT A CLIMB DEPT.

SPIDER-MAN HAS A BAD WEEK!

MONDAY



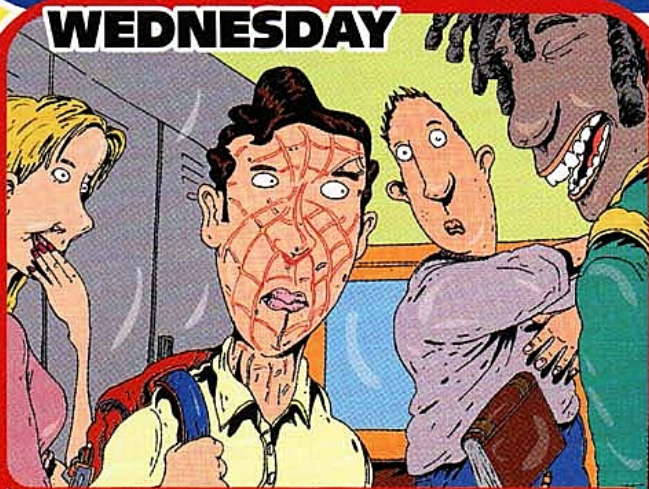
The webbed superhero is mortified when, for what seems like the zillionth time, he forgets to lift his mask before attempting to eat a taco.

TUESDAY



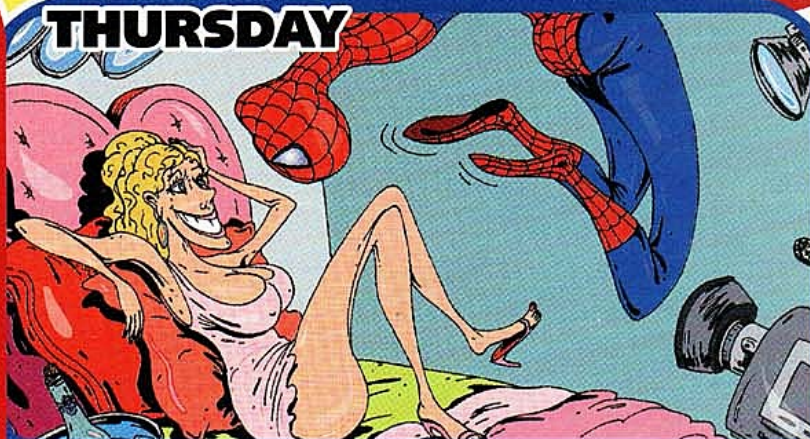
In a bizarre accident more disturbing than any caused by a supervillain, he's profusely hugged by Michael Jackson, who has mistaken him for one of his own mask-wearing children.

WEDNESDAY



Another mortifying moment, this time at school. In his rush to get to class, the boy-turned-superhero doesn't realize his costume has left pockmarks on his face.

THURSDAY



With money tight, he has no choice but to use his acrobatic spider skills in an upcoming porno flick, *Kiss of the Spider-Man*.

FRIDAY



He narrowly escapes serious injury when the wallpaper on the wall he's crawling up starts to peel.

SATURDAY

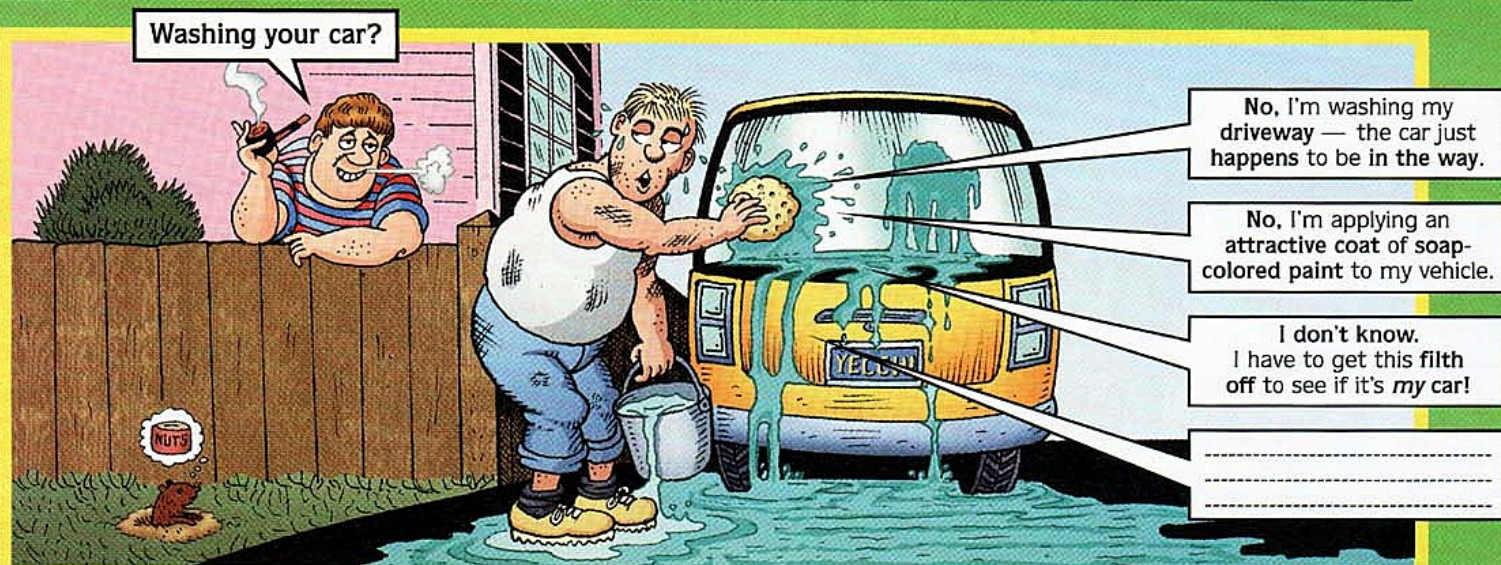
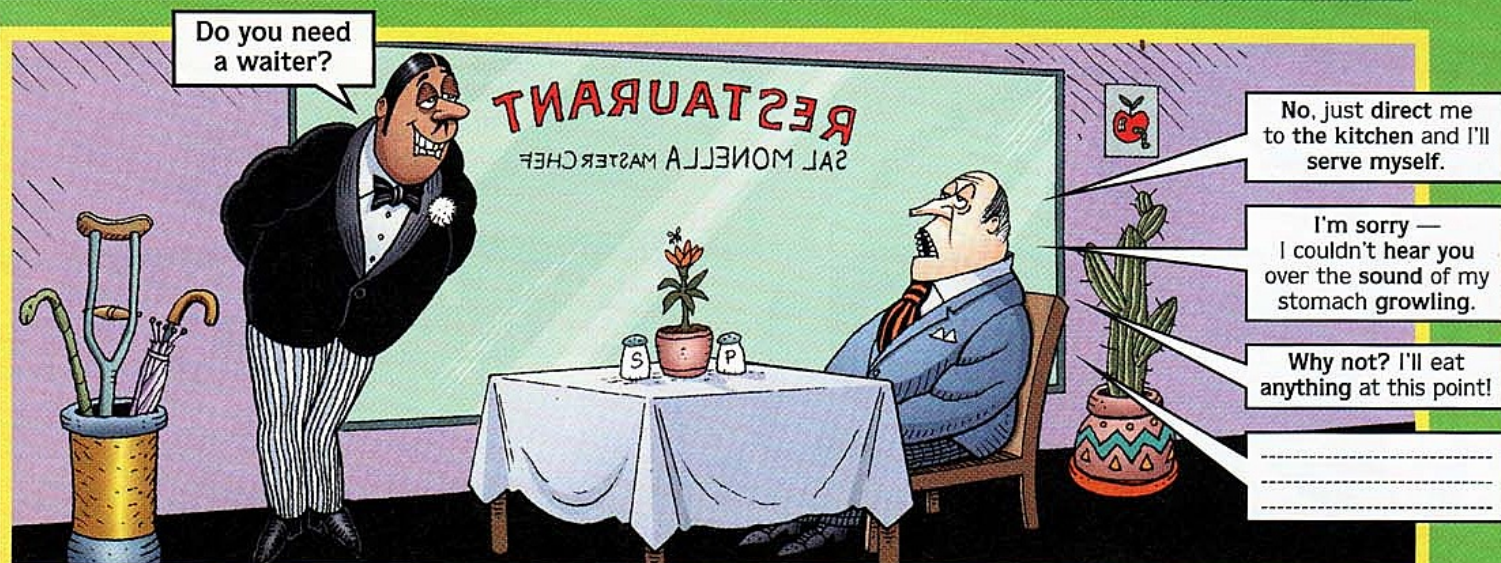


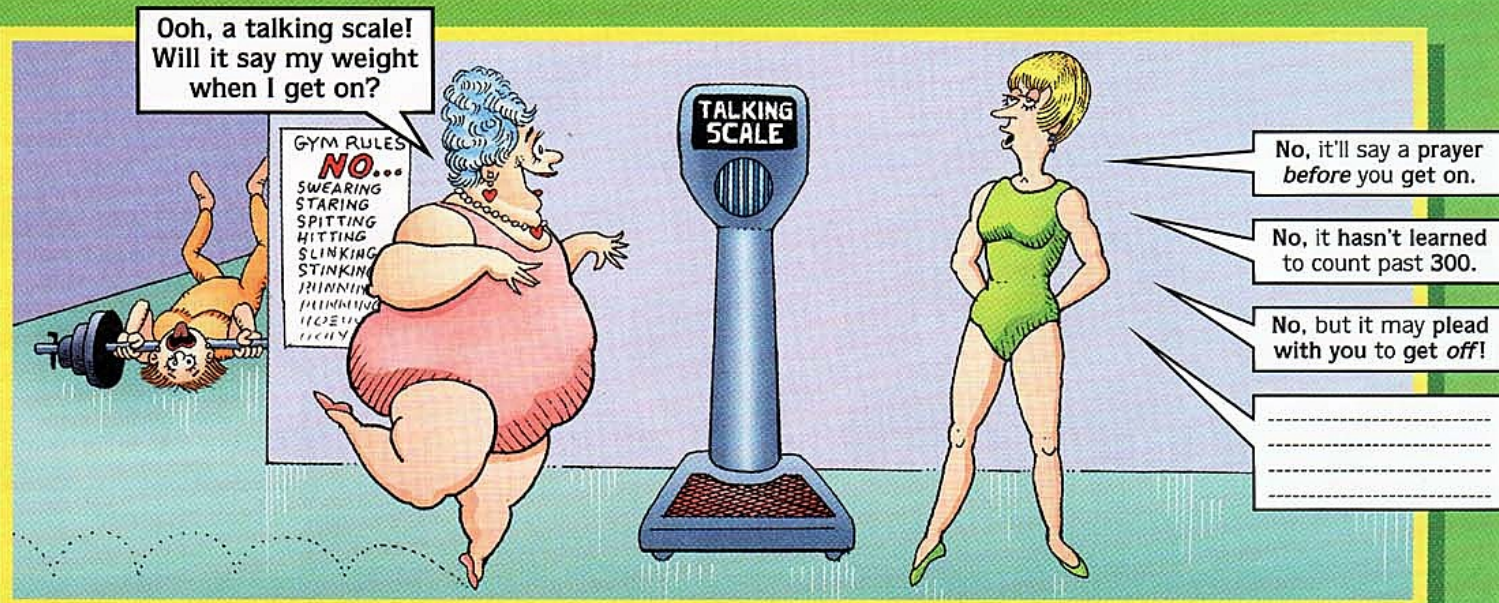
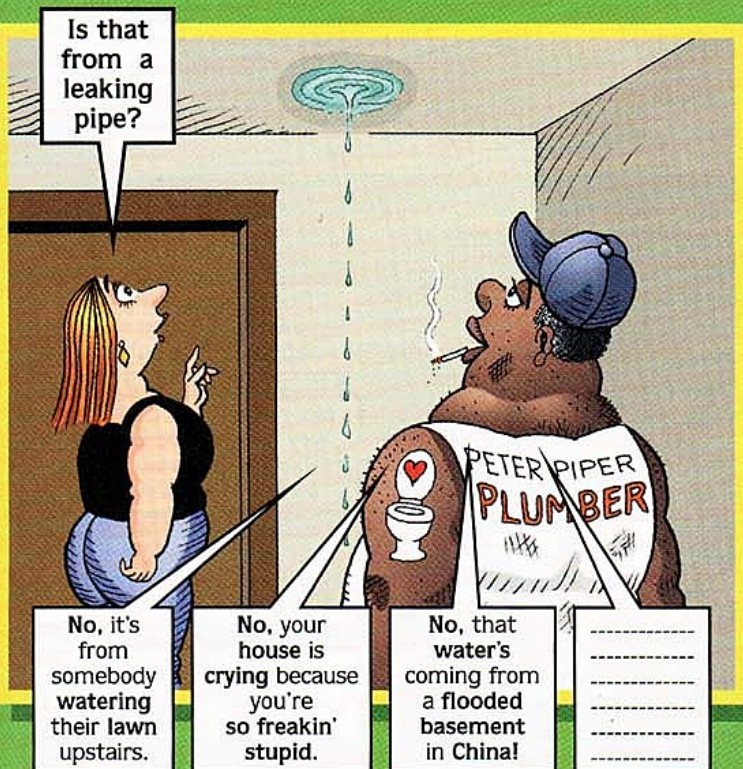
He finds it necessary to pop several Zolofit to help ease the emotional pain after he accidentally steps on a real spider.



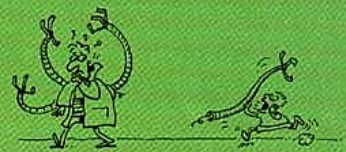
And now, because Al Jaffee needs money to pay for a new summer wardrobe, we present...

SNAPPY ANSWERS TO STUPID QUESTIONS





SNAPPY ANSWERS TO STUPID QUESTIONS



Are you going to rob the bank?

WITHDRAWALS

No, I just opened a checking account, and this gun and ski mask were my complimentary gifts.

No, I'm going to take out a loan and I want to use this object as collateral.

No, this gun is for self-defense, in case the teller tries to rob me!

Doing your laundry?

No, I'm exercising my eyeballs by reading clothes labels as they spin by.

No, my clothes have been very well behaved, so I'm rewarding them with a ride on this water carousel.

Laundry? I thought this was a blender! I'm making a smoothie in machine 3!

Were you upset when you saw what the tornado did to your house?

No, I was just thinking about taking a camping trip, so this saves me a whole lot of packing.

No, I'm a puzzle fiend! This will be a blast to put back together.

Not when I saw all the great natural lighting we were getting in our formerly drab living room!



Duke Bissell's TALES OF UNDISPUTED INTEREST

A FEW WEEKS AGO I WAS SO DISTRESSED AFTER HAVING MY APARTMENT BURGLARIED, I COULD DO NOTHING BUT WANDER THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

DIDN'T THIS USED TO BE YE OLD DONUT SHOPPE?

YE OLD WITCHCRAFT SHOPPE
SPELLS, INCANTATIONS
SUGAR-FREE CANDY

BUT BEFORE I COULD VOICE MY CONCERN, THE PROPRIETOR BLEW SOMETHING INTO MY FACE AND THE NEXT THING I KNEW I WOKE UP IN VERY UNFAMILIAR SURROUNDINGS.

HAIL SATAN!
HAIL SATAN!

ARE THOSE MASKS MADE OF THE UPHOLSTERY FROM MY COUCH?

ARE WE SURE HIS SOUL IS WORTH TAKING?

WHEN I FINALLY GOT HOME MY APARTMENT INSURANCE HAD COME THROUGH.

\$38.00? TOO BAD I WASN'T HOME DURING THE BURGLARY. MY AGENT TOLD ME I WOULD HAVE GOTTEN TWICE AS MUCH IF I WAS MAIMED OR MUTILATED BY THE BURGLAR.

NOT WANTING TO BE AN UNFRIENDLY NEIGHBOR, I STEPPED INTO SAY HI.

WE'RE HAVING A SALE THIS WEEK ON SUMMONING UP ALL THE DEMONS OF HELL FOR PERSONAL AND HOME PROTECTION.

THIS STUFF LOOKS JUST LIKE THE STUFF THAT WAS STOLEN FROM MY APARTMENT, ONLY IN POWDERED FORM.

EVENTUALLY I PASSED OUT AGAIN AND WOKE UP IN EVEN MORE UNFAMILIAR SURROUNDINGS.

EXCUSE ME BUT DO YOU KNOW WHERE I CAN GET THE CROSSTOWN BUS?

IF YOU GIVE ME ENOUGH SPARE, CHANGE FOR A MEAL, I WON'T SPIT UP STINKING GOBS OF DISEASED MUCOUS ALL OVER YOUR SUPPLE LIPS.

FORGET IT, FRANK. HE'LL BREAK YOUR HEART IN THE END.

\$38.00 WOULDN'T GO FAR, BUT I ALWAYS DID HAVE THE NOSE FOR A BARGAIN.

DIDN'T THIS USED TO BE YE OLD WITCHCRAFT SHOPPE?

YE OLD FURNITURE SHOPPE

LAMPS, PLASTIC COVERED SIDE TABLES, SUGAR-FREE CANDY

P.C. VEY



**IS YOUR LIFE A BITCH?
HAS THE CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE?
YOU'RE NOT ALONE...**

**From
the
Case
Files
of**

**Wanda Goldstein
Flenkman:**

**Pet
Psychologist**



ARTIST &
WRITER:
TERESA
BURNS
PARKHURST

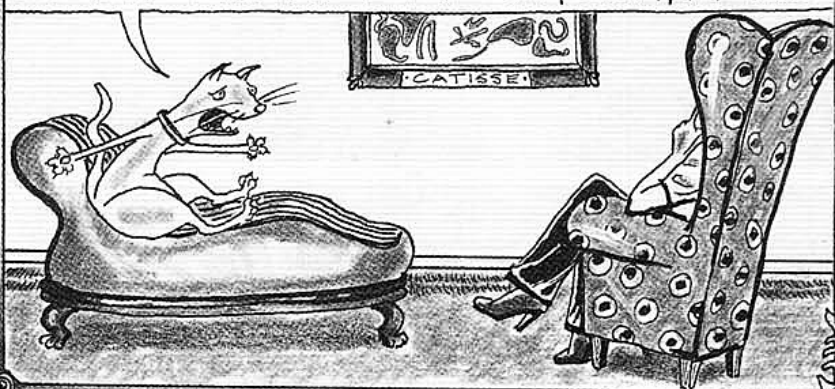
I can't get a job! MY resume is impeccable, but EVERYTIME I'm passed over for a DOG! I mean, I can smell a bomb! Gimme a bomb-I'll smell it! I can get a blind guy across the street! I can pull a cart!

That's an ox.

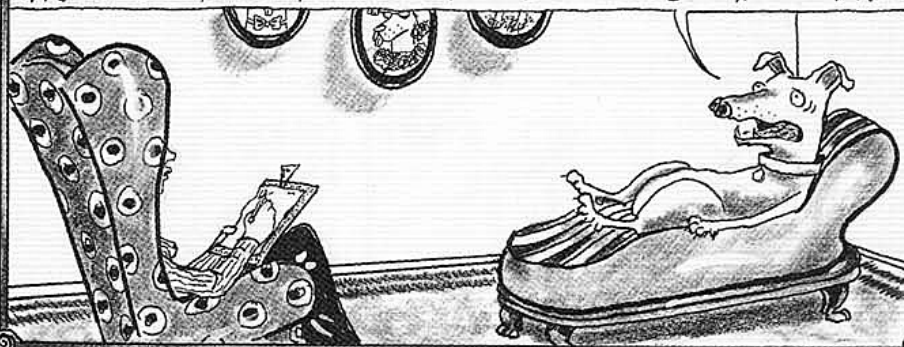
Whatever.



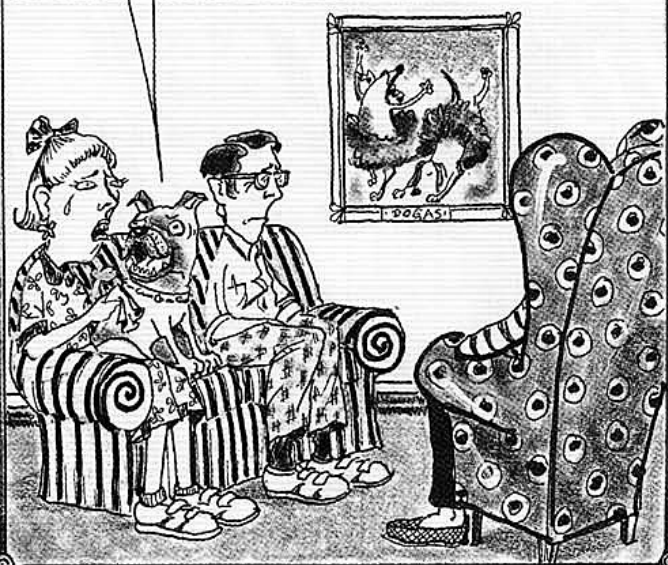
TWENTY-EIGHT FREAKIN' CATS IN THE HOUSE!!! I keep tellin' her IT AIN'T NORMAL! She says "oooh I Love MY babies!" I say she loves the stink a' cat pee on her toaster!



I've known it since I was a pup. I never wanted to bite the mailman, I wanted to BE the mailman... Can I smoke in here?



If I'm NOT adopted how come everyone else in the family LOVES to read? How come I'm the ONLY one that can CARRY a tune?! HUH? And NO one but me gnaws at their ass!!



Just when things are going great between me and some really nice, new stuffed toy, I shake it to smithereens! EVERYTIME! I know it's self-sabotage, but I CAN'T STOP!



I guess the "bottom" for me was when they had to use the jaws of life to extract my head from the john... that's when I knew my toilet drinking was out of control.



It's called "MULTIPLE LIFE DISORDER." 5 of your 9 Lives are happening simultaneously. Is this Margaret I'm speaking with right now?

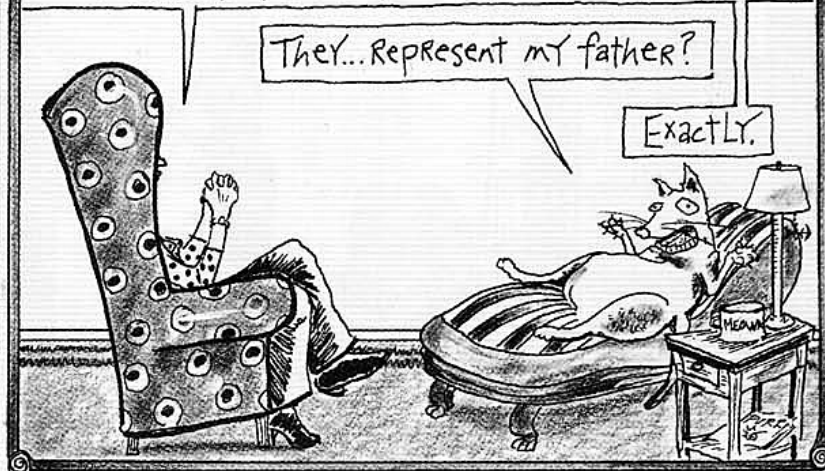
No Ma'am. Margaret is the foul-smelling tramp who's been had by all the dregs of the alley. I'm KIP-I have a hairball fetish.



Dave, what is it you are trying to communicate each time you relocate your turds from the box to other, special places in your house?

They... Represent my father?

Exactly.

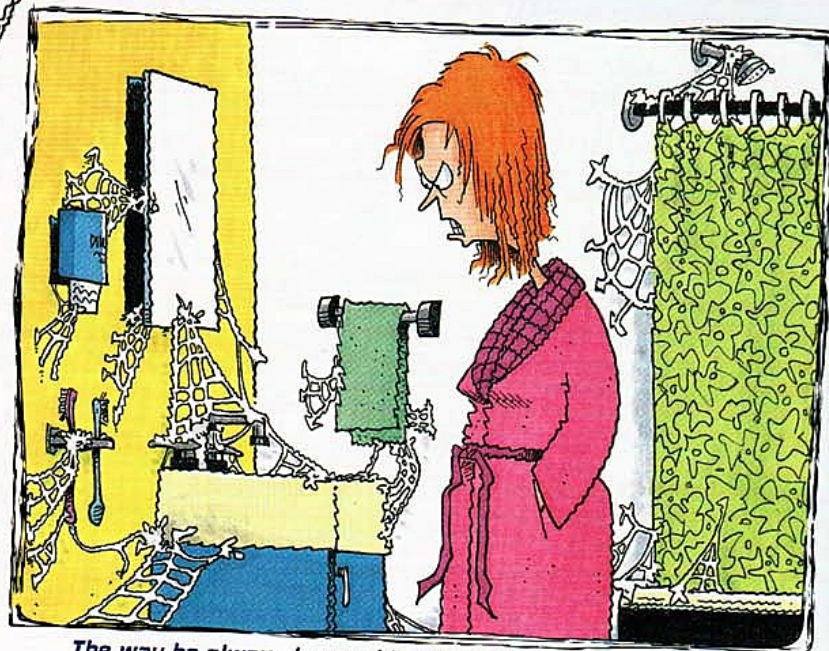




When a girl dates a superhero, she has to be prepared for a certain amount of out-of-the-ordinary activity that wouldn't happen with a regular guy. But there's also a limit to a girl's patience. In fact, we're not completely sure that a girl *can* find true happiness with a superhero — especially a neurotic guy like Spider-Man, who dresses like it's Halloween 365 days out of the year! So if you or someone you know are thinking of hitting on Aquaman, Hawkman or any other similarly costumed freak, we suggest you first read...

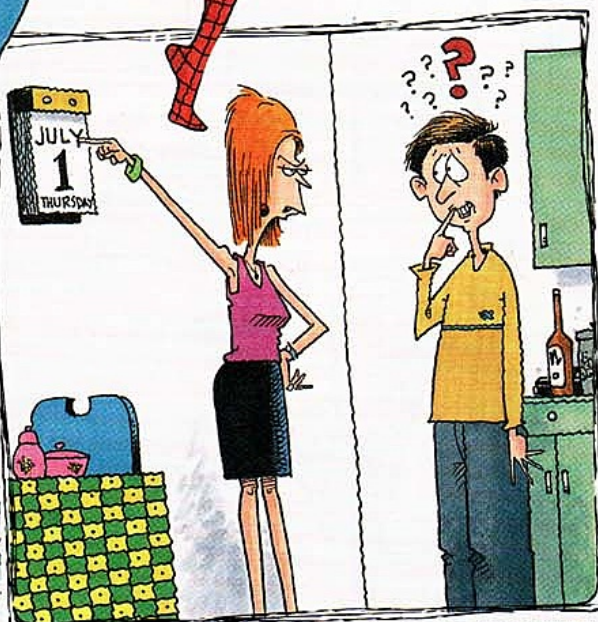
JOHN CALDWELL'S PET PEEVES OF SPIDER-MAN'S GIRLFRIEND

HELLO?!
SAME WATER TOWER
WE PASSED TWENTY
MINUTES AGO, MORON!

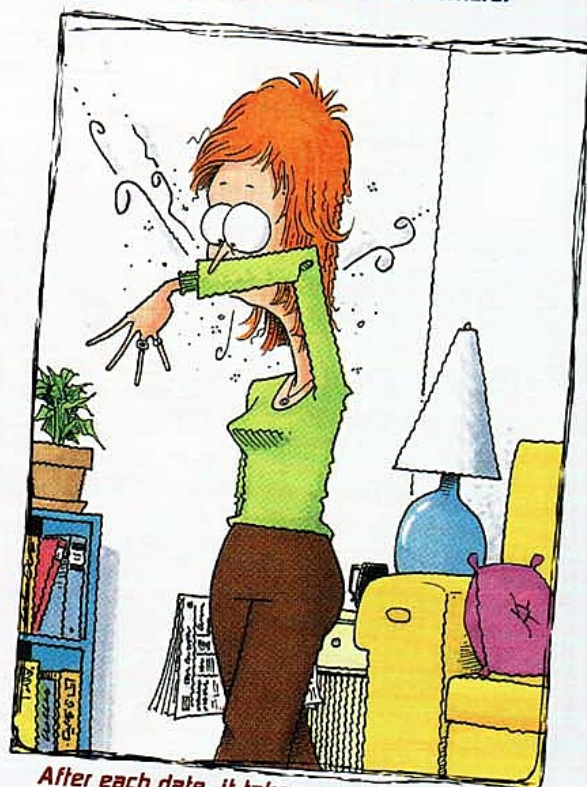


The way he always leaves his web in the sink...and elsewhere.

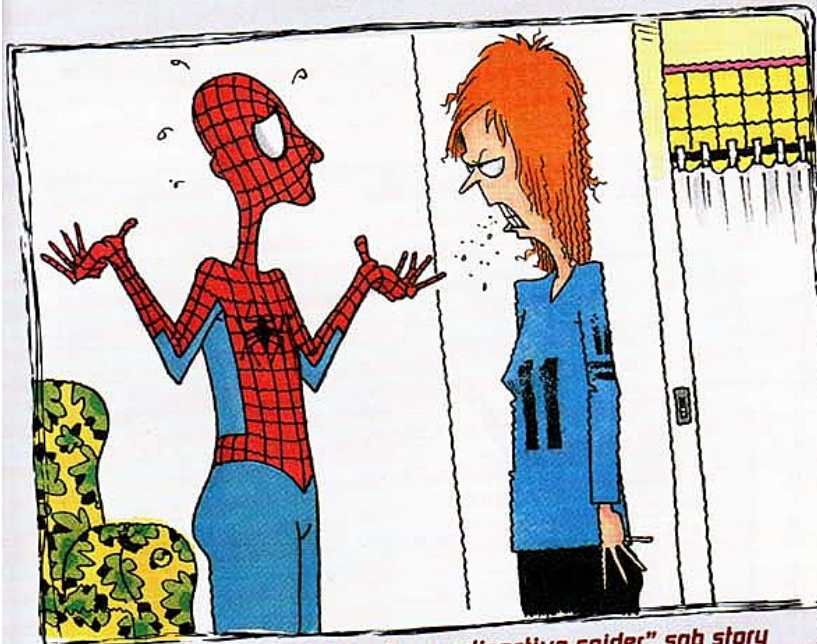
His insistence on
never asking directions.



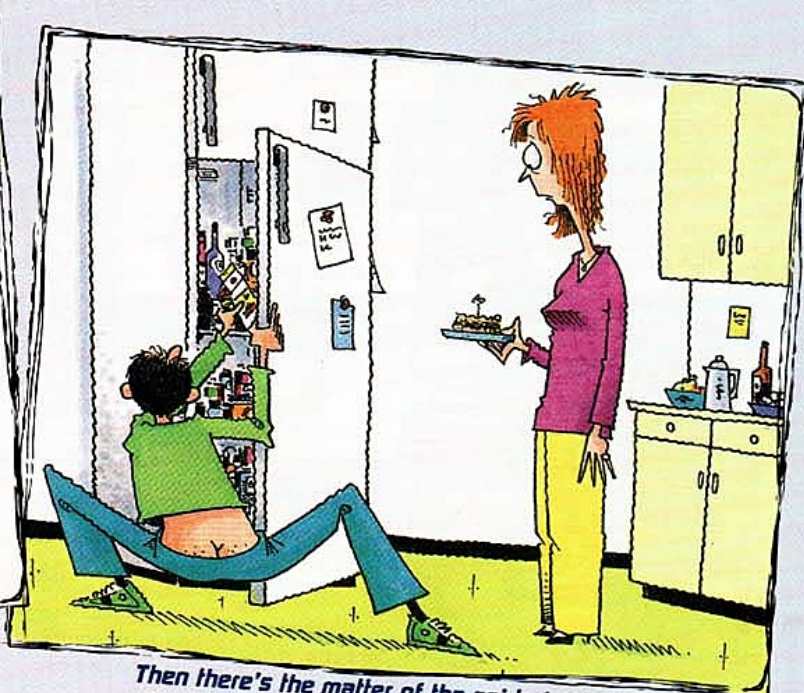
His renowned, rusty "Spidey Sense" never seems
to tingle on anniversaries or your birthday.



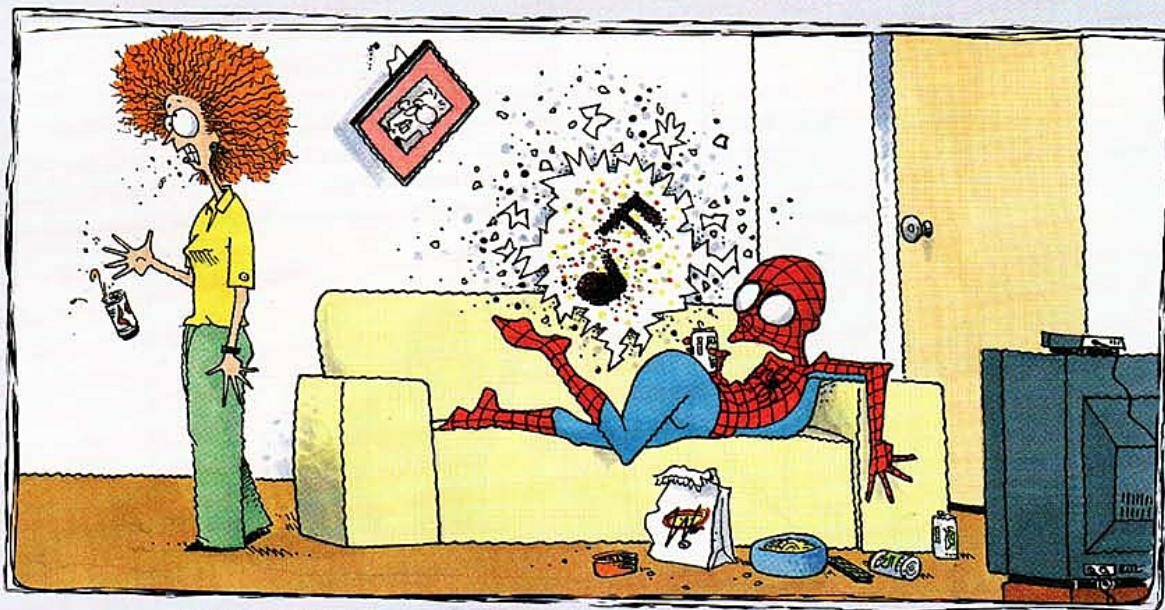
After each date, it takes a week to get that
gamey spandex smell out of your clothes.



He rolls out the "bitten by a radioactive spider" sob story every time he's busted for peeing on the toilet seat.



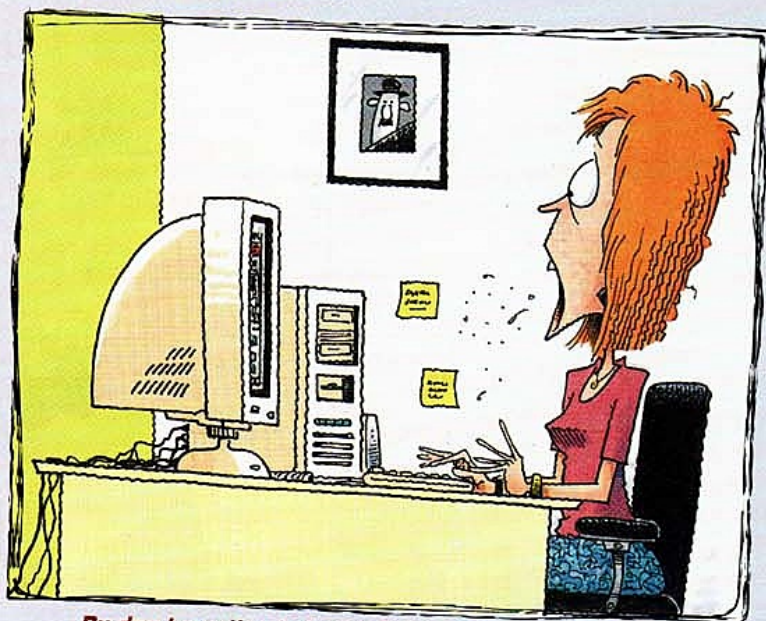
Then there's the matter of the spider's crack.



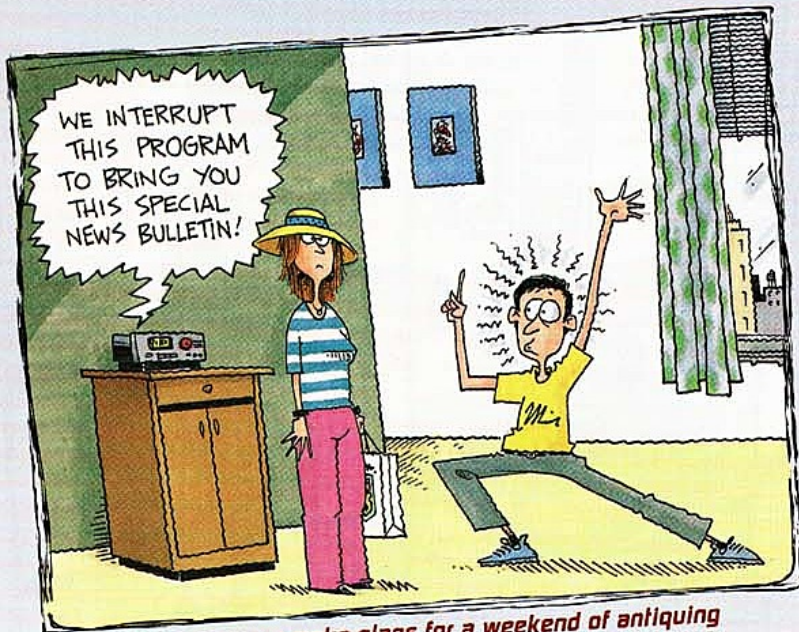
The one spider power you never signed on for — his arachniflutulence.



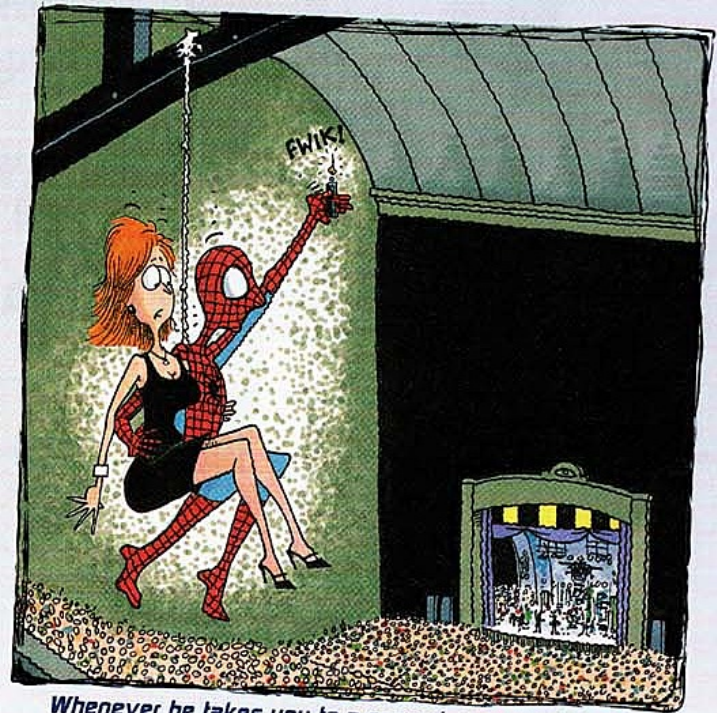
He regularly uses the "no pockets in my costume" excuse to stick you with the check.



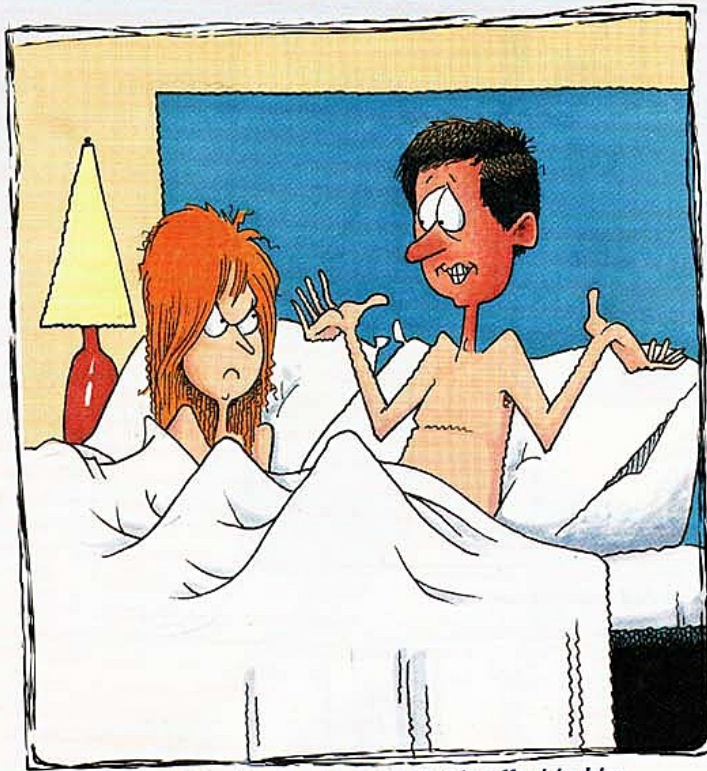
By day he sells photos of Spider-Man in action to the local newspaper, but by night he's selling photos of Spider-Man getting it on with you on the Internet.



Whenever you make plans for a weekend of antiques in the country, some archvillain invariably threatens to blow up a nearby orphanage.



Whenever he takes you to a concert, you can bet your sweet ass you'll be in the nosebleed section.



That (ahem) adverse sexual side effect to his habit of dangling upside down for hours, with the blood rushing to his head.



You wouldn't think so, but he really sucks at charades.



WHAT WILL BE
THE MOST
GRUELING EVENT
IN THE UPCOMING
OLYMPICS?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

The Olympics showcase the world's most disciplined and talented athletes, competing and pushing their bodies to the limit. Watching the competitions can be as draining for the audience as it is for the participants. There is one event, however, that takes the greatest toll on all those involved. To find out what it is, fold page in as shown.



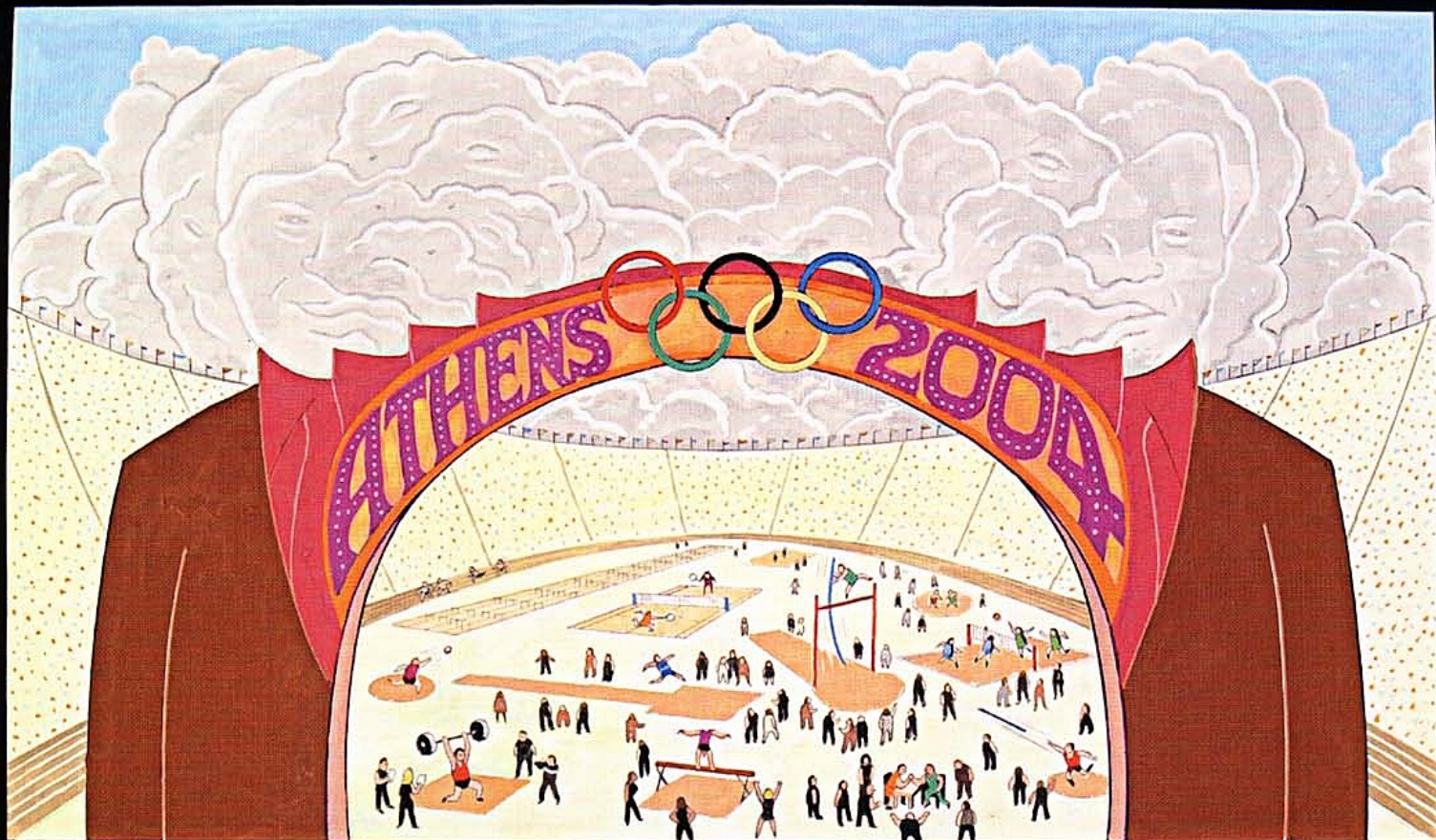
FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!



FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT



FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



PROJECTION TV



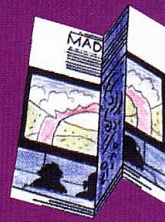
LISTLESS OLYMPIC ACTIVITIES CAN BE DISHEARTENING TO BOTH FANS AND ATHLETES. IN ORDER TO CURB COSTLY INJURIES, CAUTION IS RULE ONE. THIS HAS DRIVEN REFEREES AND UMPIRES CRAZY. EVERY ONE ON AND OFF THE FIELD HOPES THIS ACTION ENDS SOON



ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE

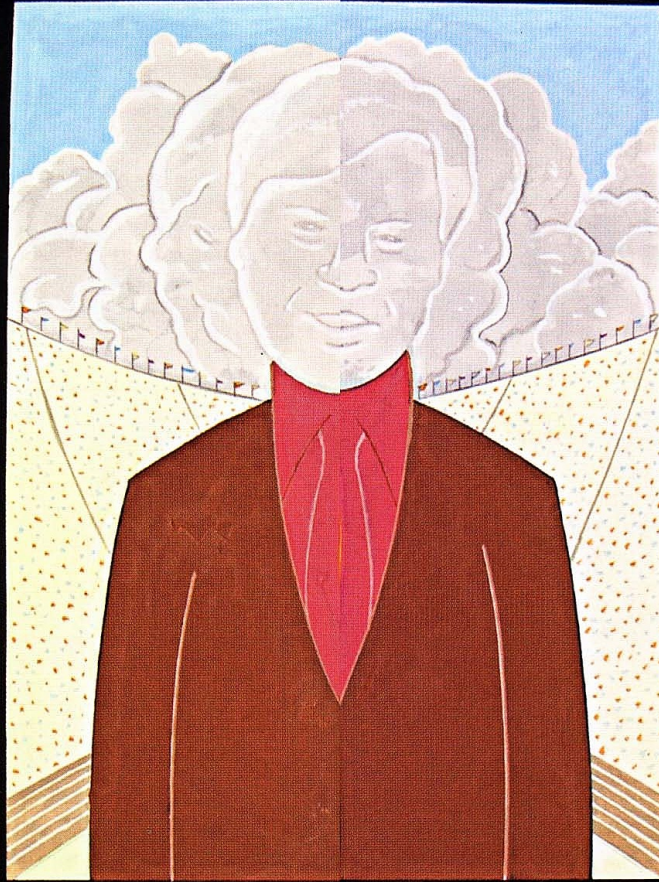


WHAT WILL BE
THE MOST
GRUELING EVENT
IN THE UPCOMING
OLYMPICS?

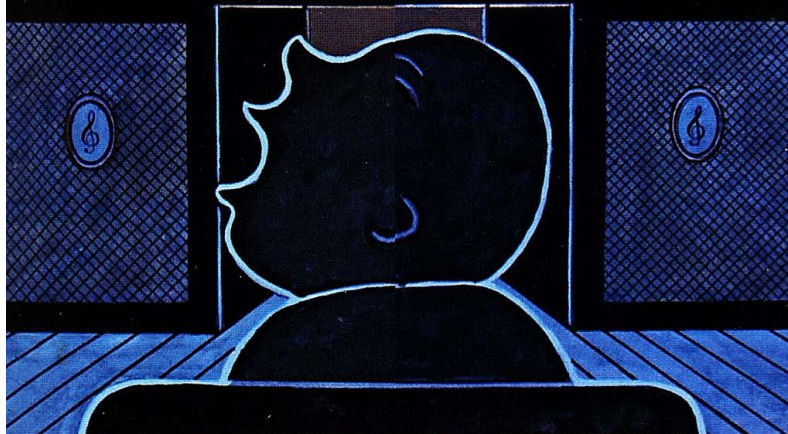


FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A **B** FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



Z



LISTENING TO
BOB
COSTAS
DRONE
ON AND ON

A **B**

PLAYS FOR THE FRAME



*This player is going to take his game to the top. All the way to the **Magic: The Gathering**® \$1,000,000* Pro Tour.*

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THE FUNDALIN



INITIAL STEPS BY THE U.S. GOVERNMENT TO IMPROVE CONDITIONS AT IRAQ'S ABU GHRAIB PRISON

- ★ Officially changing the name to Abu Ghraib Day Spa.
- ★ Replacing rusty shackles in the interrogation room with fur-lined "love cuffs" from Frederick's of Hollywood.
- ★ Having President Bush show his support for the inmates by visiting the prison and posing for pictures serving them a raw, blowtorched turkey.
- ★ Giving free cell upgrades to all prisoners who were Jacks or higher in the Iraqi Most Wanted deck of cards.
- ★ Allowing CBS to take applications for next season's *Survivor*: Abu Ghraib.
- ★ Out: shapeless canvas hoods. In: sexy, designer headwear for work or play by Tommy Hilfiger.
- ★ Phasing out sensory deprivation and severe beatings; now letting prisoners be "softened up" for interrogation with harsh comments from Simon Cowell.

IF PETER PARKER HAD BEEN BITTEN BY OTHER RADIOACTIVE CREATURES

BITE FROM A...

RESULTS IN:

...RADIOACTIVE MONKEY



A feces-flinging, leg-humping bundle of crime fighting. Easily distracted by bananas and mirrors, though.

...RADIOACTIVE COCKROACH



Ability to run very fast, but only immediately after a light is turned on.

...RADIOACTIVE SNAIL



Superhero easily defeated by salt.

...RADIOACTIVE FLEA



Ability to leap great distances and make criminals scratch themselves silly.

...RADIOACTIVE SNAKE



Ability to shed entire skin (great at parties!) and win bar bets by swallowing gigantic quantities of food whole.

PERSONAL AD OF THE MONTH



ARNIE: Observational stand-up comic, still looking for a paying gig. I do support myself as a tour bus guide, which gets me to wondering: do you think celebrities have their own bus tours where they point out the homes of obscure people? "Okay, over to your left is the home of Bob the garbage man..." Anyway, let's get together for a date. Do you ever wonder why they call it a "date" as opposed to some other fruit? "Hi, babe, you available this Friday for a papaya?" Just doesn't have that ring to it, I guess. So, getting back on topic, I'm looking for a nice woman, between 25-30, for romance. Though I'm not against same-sex unions, still, I gotta wonder what goes on at a gay wedding. "Hello, sir, are you on the groom's side...or the groom's side?" Write to me at BOX 77, I'll be here all month.

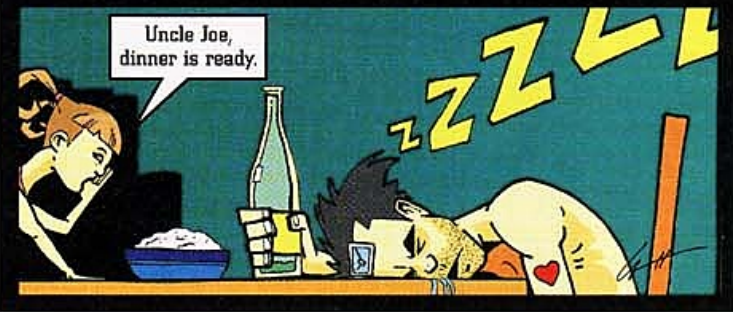
BITTERMAN

Before we start eating, I just want to thank you kids for your patience and understanding while your uncle is staying with us. I know it's been an adjustment to have him here since his divorce from Aunt Lisa, but you've both been on your best behavior and I appreciate it. We just need to pull together as a family while my big brother gets his life back on track.

Zoe, will you please tell your uncle that we're waiting for him to start dinner?



Uncle Joe, dinner is ready.



THE GODFREY REPORT

IN	FIVE MINUTES AGO	OUT
2 nd Degree Burns	3 rd Degree Burns	1 st Degree Burns
The Little Scottie Dog	The Top Hat	The Wheelbarrow
"AA"	"AAA"	"9 Volt"

The Secret Is Out! GOV'T AUCTIONS

Become a nuisance as you bid against a host of experienced professional buyers with deep pockets for a car with no warranty whose history you'll have no time to research prior to sale! Repossessed autos, boats, homes, all previously owned by convicted underworld figures with strong network of associates on the outside! Exciting! 24-hr. recorded message 1-800-SCAM-AUCTION!

The \$weet \$mell of Profit\$!

Refurbish your old colonic machine into a frozen yogurt dispenser! Plans & supply catalog, \$10 P.O. Box 3875 Stinkbug, NV 89118

HAIR WANTED

Will buy singly or in clumps. 555-2375

MAU Dr. William C.

MAIDEN LANE OFFICE

from \$460/mo.

PRINCE ST 300 SF, private, Reduced to \$200. Contact Tiffany

Wall \$1-140 Full * FULL FL * 400 sq. ft.

As Seen On 'America's Most Wanted!' Unlicensed — Creepy

BONDED — Creepy

HANDYMAN

Will tackle any job, large or small, while ogling your teenage daughter and casing the joint. Lou 555-3287

PAGES

THE
COVER
WE
DIDN'T
USE



CELEBRITY CAUSE-OF-DEATH BETTING ODDS

This month: **PARIS HILTON**

OUR TEAM OF CRACK ODDSMAKERS GIVES YOU THE LATEST VEGAS LINE ON HOW ONE OF TODAY'S BIGGEST STARS WILL MEET HER DEMISE!

CAUSE OF DEATH	ODDS
Stabbed by web-surfing travelers sick of getting Google hits on her whenever they're looking for hotel rooms in France.....	3:1
Catastrophic fracture of 187 of her frail, anorexia-weakened bones after being forced to lift a finger for herself.....	7:1
Trips over self rushing to nearest paparazzi.....	10:1
Falls off her six-inch heels while milking a cow.....	12:1
Terminal facial nerve damage from winking at ex-boyfriend while claiming she's outraged by his hawking their sex tape.....	15:1

GRAPHIC NOVEL REVIEW

In recent years, DC Comics has delighted aficionados and squeezed the last nanodrop of profit from their backlog of sequential art everywhere by showcasing the medium's Golden Age. All the familiar stars such as Batman and The Flash are receiving the handsome hardcover treatment. In addition, there are volumes dedicated to lesser-known heroes such as Slam Bradley, Zatara the Magician, The Elbow, and The Junior Lynching Squad. These unloved and forgotten characters appear in smaller print runs, which are being aggressively marketed to the insane, unmarried geekazoid who fears skipping a single volume of anything, ever.

Which brings us to Incredi-Man. Once a shameless rip-off of Superman published by Garish Comics, Incredi-Man was driven out of existence in 1951 by a massive lawsuit, and his intellectual rights were snapped up in bankruptcy court for 3¢ on the dollar. He's now a cherished member of the DC Comics family.

The original comics are "unpolished." "Primal." "Delivered with broad strokes." Okay, let's not mince words: the art looks like it was drawn by autistic orangutans holding the pens in their mouths. Unfortunately, the writing wasn't quite as sophisticated as that. Before he became the galaxy-exploring Dude of Tomorrow, Incredi-Man had more of a common man's touch. In an exciting two-part story from 1941, Incredi-Man must race up three flights of stairs to turn off a radio.

Then the war came. As America's greatest illegal immigrant, Incredi-Man led the fight for freedom. One never-before-reprinted tale has him using his heat vision to slowly torture a Japanese soldier to death, then winking at the reader and quipping, "Well, there's one son who won't be rising!" This might not be "P.C." today, but at the time, readers ate these comics up. Often literally; rationing was a severe problem.

By the early 1940s, Incredi-Man boasted a full array of incredible powers: incedi-hearing, incedi-invulnerability, incedi-viola-playing. And with the war on every front page, his editors needed to explain why Incredi-Man wouldn't simply defeat all the Axis armies in a single day. The solution they devised was ingenious. In *Incredi-Man* #22's "The Man of Teal," Incredi-Man's alter-ego, Ken Clark, goes down to the Army induction center and fakes being gay. Declared 4-F, it was therefore plausible for Incredi-Man to spend the rest of World War II preventing runaway trolley accidents while Europe burned.

More than 120 different DC Archives editions have been published. The complete set is highly recommended for all comics fans with a spare 6,000 bucks lying around.



224 pgs. \$49.95



Ring a ding ding!
The Rat Pack is
back! I'm Frank
Sinatra, here with
the ghosts of Dean
Martin, Sammy
Davis Jr., Peter
Lawford and Joey
Bishop to check out
Sin City. OUR city —
Las Vegas, Nevada!

Man, have
things changed!
Roller coasters?
Theme restaurants?
Where are the
\$2 craps tables and
the \$20 hookers? In
my day, if you wanted
a nightcap, you'd call
room service and
they'd send up a girl!

She'd
have
your
night-
cap?

No, she
WAS
the
night-
cap!

Ha ha ha!
You know, when
I was around,
I could sing.
I could act.
I could dance,
but with these
cool cats, I was
a straight man!
Watch, I'll
do it again...

Way back
when, the
casinos were
for gambling,
drinking
and music —
period! And
what's that
hairy beast
doing in here?

Dino,
that's
a
white
Siberian
tiger!

I was
talking
to the
tiger!

Vegas was the first city in
America where you could get
a shrimp cocktail at 2 p.m.
or 2 a.m.! Although at 2 a.m.,
it'll be the same shrimp
cocktail that'd been sitting
out in the open, unrefrigerated
since 2 p.m.! And that was
the charm of this town —
keep the roulette wheels
and the stomachs turning!



I'm Big Dread Decline, head of the surveillance team
here at the Moneyseeko Casino and Resort! No dink's
gonna run a scam or pull a heist in my casino or I'll break
his face! I've been in Vegas a long time, ever since my
brothers Michael and Fredo came here and made Moe
Greene an offer he couldn't refuse! You see, Tattaglia
and Barzini were muscling in on our action in New York,
and after Tessio turned on the family we...hey, what
movie did you THINK I was gonna talk about, that
stinker I made with Bette Midler, *For the Boys*?

I'm Dandy McBoy, Dread's
right-hand man! I'm happy
being the official casino
pretty boy, but I work here
so many hours that I need a
vacation! I can't take Vegas
anymore! I need to get away
from the lights, the noise,
the glitz! So tomorrow
I leave for a week in Reno!

I'm Big Dread's daughter,
Delinter! I wake up every
morning and give thanks!
Not because my father got me
this glamorous job, and not
because I work in the most
exciting city in America! No, I give
thanks because there's absolutely
no family resemblance between
my father and me!

LAS VAGUEST

Why am I a ghost?
I'm Joey Bishop and
I'm still alive! It's only
my career that's dead!
And why did NBC
take a glitzy, exciting
casino/hotel setting and
turn it into a dull and
boring TV show?
As our friends in Mexico
might say, I haven't...



I'm Merry Conical and this is Scam Pain! We're the busty, uh, I mean *busy* social directors at the Moneyseeko! I oversee all the conventions that stay at our resort every year and Scam caters to the needs of the high rollers who visit the casino to gamble hundreds of thousands of dollars! Our official title here is E.C.I!

Does that stand for Entertainment Coordinators?

No, Eye Candy! If it wasn't for our short skirts, low-cut tops, D-cups and fashion model looks, we'd be calling Keno numbers in a Wyoming Indian casino!

I'm Psyche Common, resident electronics expert and hotel valet! What's up with that? That's like Michael Eisner being both Disney's CEO and the guy who wears the Pluto costume! I'll give you an idea as to how wired for surveillance this casino is... it has almost as many cameras as Paris Hilton's bedroom!

I'm the pit boss, Flesha Dolt! Nothing happens on the casino floor that I'm not aware of! Right now you'll have to excuse me, a drunken gambler just threw up on the roulette table... besides red and black, people are starting to bet on green, brown and yellow! Yecch!



MAD'S HEROICALLY- SPIDER-MAN 2

Ewww! You must have **spider goo** on your **cheek**! My hand's **stuck**!



Look, I know you've been lonely since **Uncle Ben** died, so I was thinking about **setting you up** with this nice old **man** I know. His name's **Stan Lee**, and he's filthy **rich**!



I have to **commute** like this! Have you seen what's on the floor of this filthy **subway**?



The only **downside** is that finding a **chiropractor** to treat me is a real **bitch**!



You know that **spot** on your **back** that always **itches** and you can never **reach**? That's when I got the idea for **this**!



I did the **right thing**, chucking my **Spider-Man costume** in the trash with all those **unwanted DVDs** of *The Hulk*!



AWFUL OUTTAKES

WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO



Thank **God!**
I can still scratch
my 'nads!



With all these
tentacles, I'll be able to
grope more **women** than
Schwarzenegger could
ever dream of!



Just as I
suspected —
it's cheap
polyester!



Now I
know how
Ashton Kutcher
feels!



The symbol of the Democratic party is a donkey...a skittish, stubborn, seldom-lauded beast with an annoying bray...how apropos! To even better understand the twisted minds of left-wing Democratic dingbats, read...

Only A

Only A DEMOCRAT Could Possibly Believe...



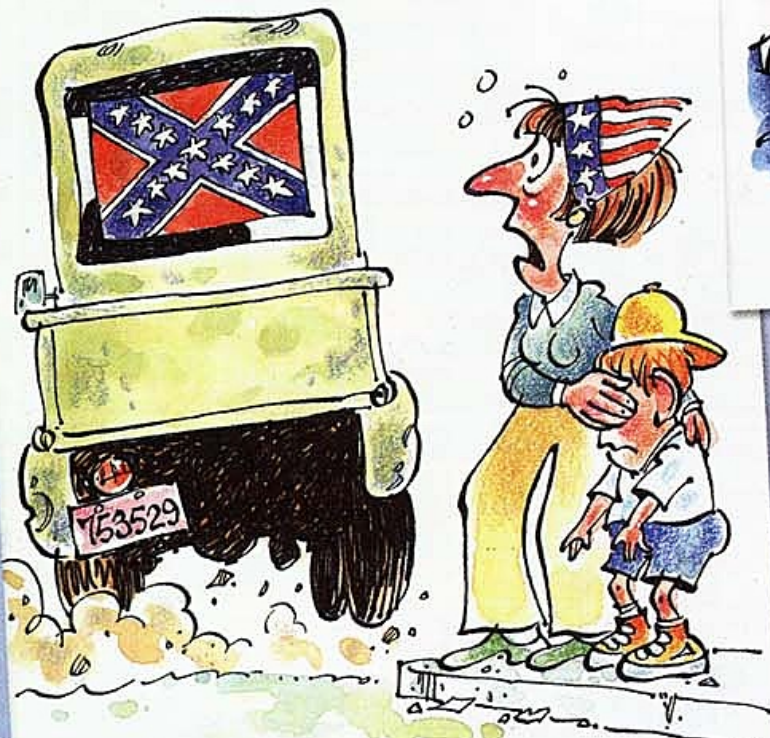
...the antidote to a special-interest-pandering, rich, silver-spoonified Skull-and-Bones white dude is...a slightly taller special-interest-pandering, rich, silver-spoonified Skull-and-Bones white dude!

ONLY A DEMOCRAT COULD POSSIBLY BELIEVE...



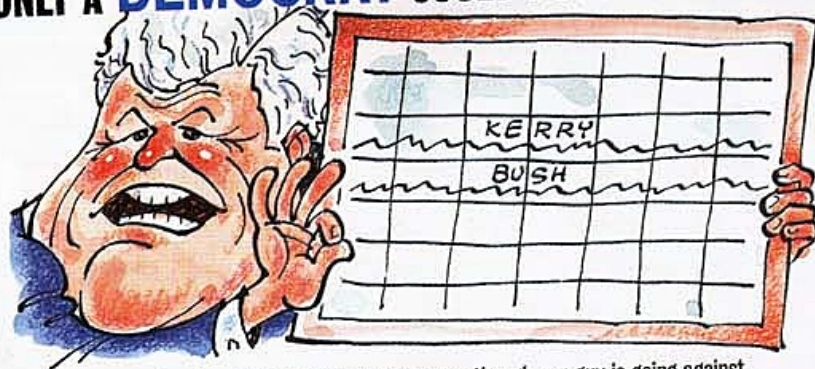
...the best way to counteract the 24/7 kazillion-station juggernaut of right-wing radio is with a 6-station equivalent of Dixie cups on a string.

ONLY A DEMOCRAT COULD POSSIBLY BELIEVE...



...that it's okay to objectify, protest with, burn, make ponchos out of, create objectionable art from, display and/or exhibit in any way shape or form the American Flag. But the Confederate flag? Aiiigh! Take it down! Must! Not! Be! Seen!

ONLY A DEMOCRAT COULD POSSIBLY BELIEVE...



...there's nothing to worry about, even though our guy is going against the most hated, most divisive, worst president of the last half-century... and the best poll results have them...about even!

Only A DEMOCRAT Could Possibly Believe...



...that anyone cares about the endorsement of a guy who not only couldn't win an election in which he got the most votes, but can't even grow a decent beard.

DEMOCRAT

Could Possibly Believe...

ONLY A DEMOCRAT COULD POSSIBLY BELIEVE...



...it's okay to boast that the votes of people too dumb to successfully punch a hole in a card were for *our* candidate!

ONLY A DEMOCRAT COULD POSSIBLY BELIEVE...



...Condoleezza Rice and Colin Powell are shameless sellouts to their race — unlike, say, those inner-city Mother Teresas of dignity, Jesse Jackson and Al Sharpton.

Only A DEMOCRAT Could Possibly Believe...



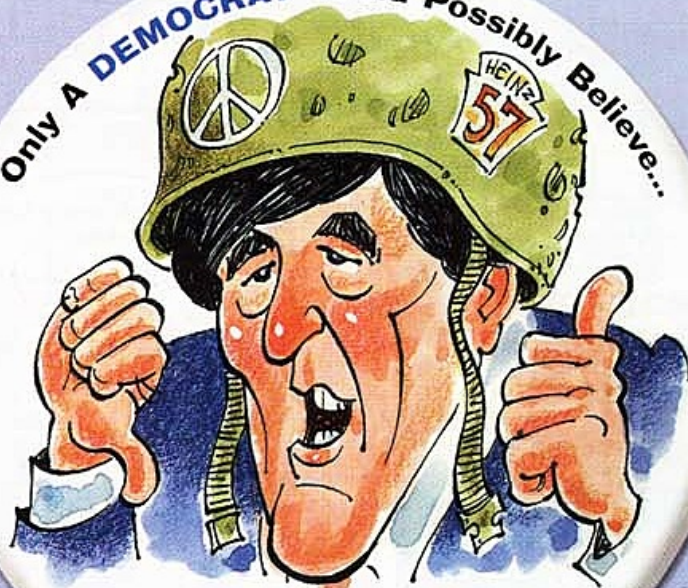
...that *our* ignorant, fact-skewing, annoying, big fat partisan gasbag is way better than *their* ignorant, fact-skewing, annoying, big fat partisan gasbag.

ONLY A DEMOCRAT COULD POSSIBLY BELIEVE...



...WMDs — no big deal. SUVs — the end of life as we know it!

Only A DEMOCRAT Could Possibly Believe...



... it's not at all contradictory that the only wars Kerry is against are the one he served in and the one he voted for.



If you thought they hated us before, wait until this export. Don't forget your passport, it's...

Monroe and...



EUROPE PART ONE





SO WE ARE SETTLED?

SURE! IN FACT, SINCE IT'S YOUR DIME, WE'D LIKE TO BOUNCE AROUND AND SEE PARIS AND AMSTERDAM AND ALL THOSE GREAT COUNTRIES WHERE YOU CAN STILL SMOKE A CIGARETTE.



WHY NOT? A WHIRLWIND TOUR OF EUROPE FOR THE NEXT HEAD OF STATE!

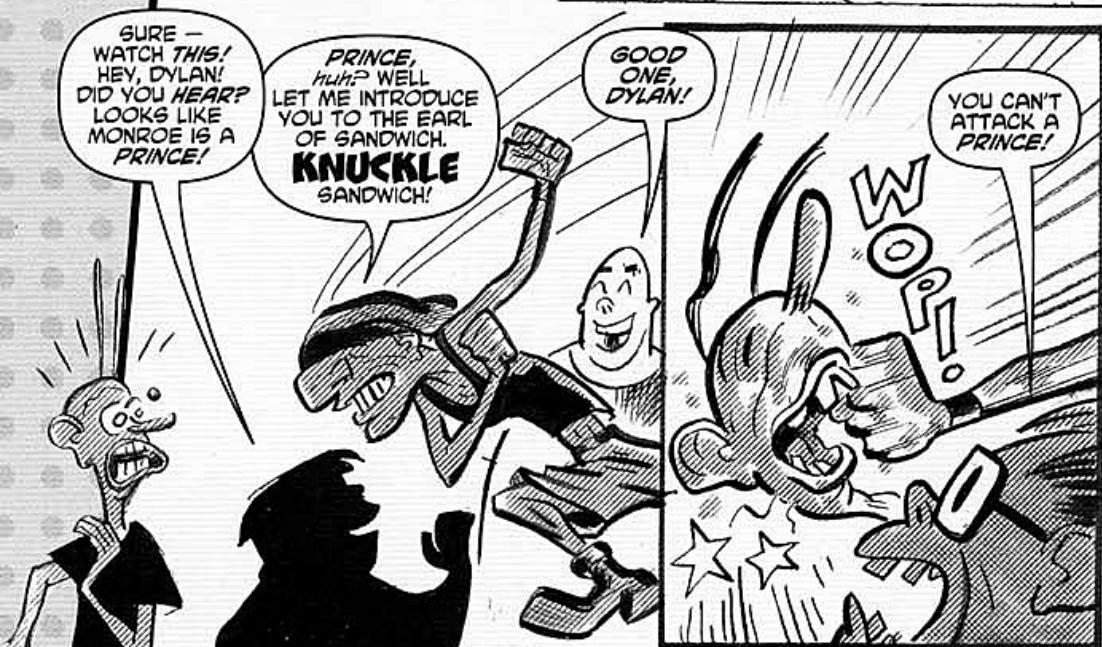
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO PUKE CHAMPAGNE OFF THE EIFFEL TOWER.

GOTTA HAVE A DREAM.



I'LL SEE EVERYONE FRIDAY. GOOD DAY... Sire.

LATER!



SURE - WATCH THIS! HEY, DYLAN! DID YOU HEAR? LOOKS LIKE MONROE IS A PRINCE!

PRINCE, huh? WELL LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO THE EARL OF SANDWICH. **KNUCKLE SANDWICH!**

GOOD ONE, DYLAN!

YOU CAN'T ATTACK A PRINCE!



WOULD YOU RATHER I CROWN YOU, QUEENIE?

C-C-CARRY ON.



FRIDAY...

ALL I AM TELLING YOU IS THIS YOUNG MAN IS EUROPEAN ROYALTY AND SHOULD NOT BE RUN THROUGH THE SAME SECURITY HOOPS AS THE COMMON TRAVELER.

THAT RIGHT? HEY, BUCK, THIS HERE FELLER THINKS HE'S BETTER THAN

AMERICA!

WHAT? NO! I LOVE IT! THE FOURTH OF JULY! HAMBURGERS! M-80S!



WHAT'S THAT? MR. EUROPE'S GOT SOME EXPLOSIVES? LOOKS LIKE IT'S BODY CAVITY SEARCH TIME, VERN.

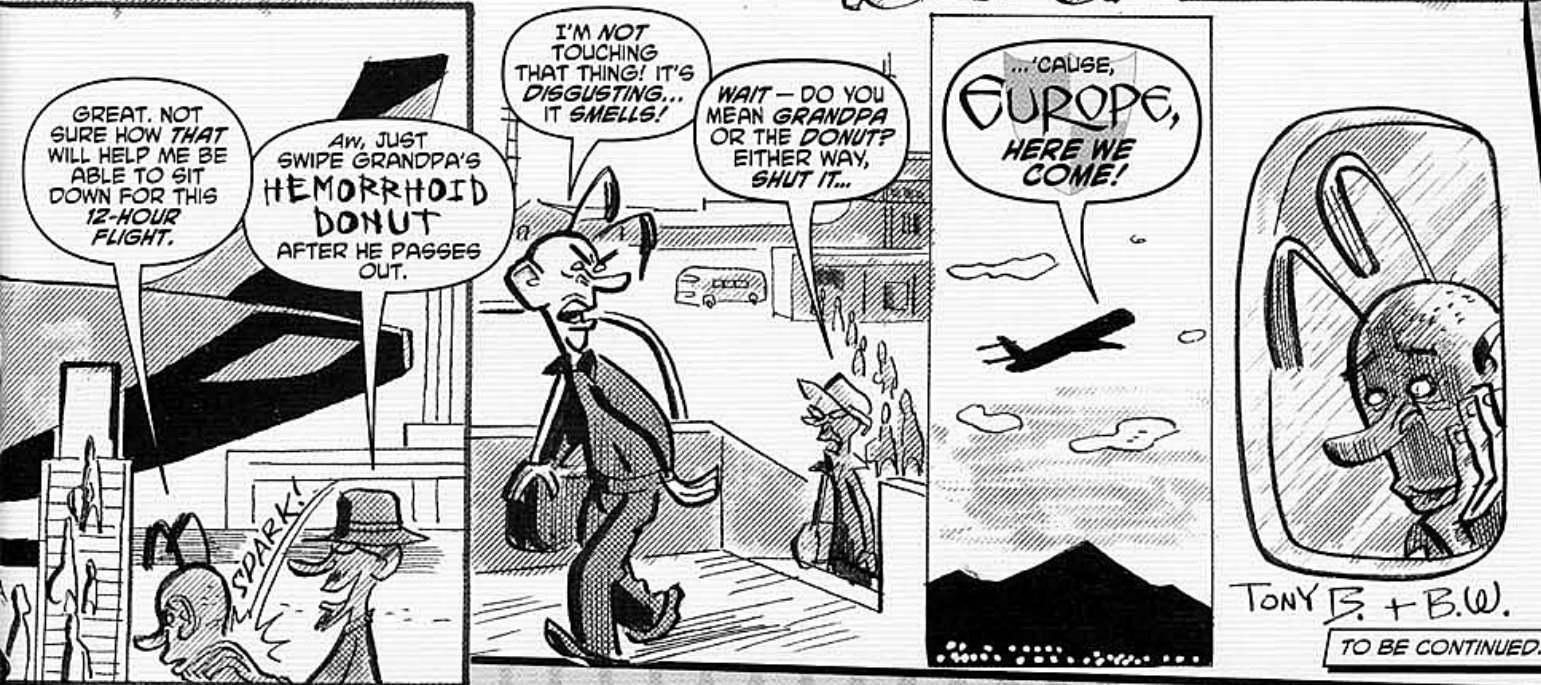
YOU APES WILL PAY FOR YOUR IMPUDENCE!

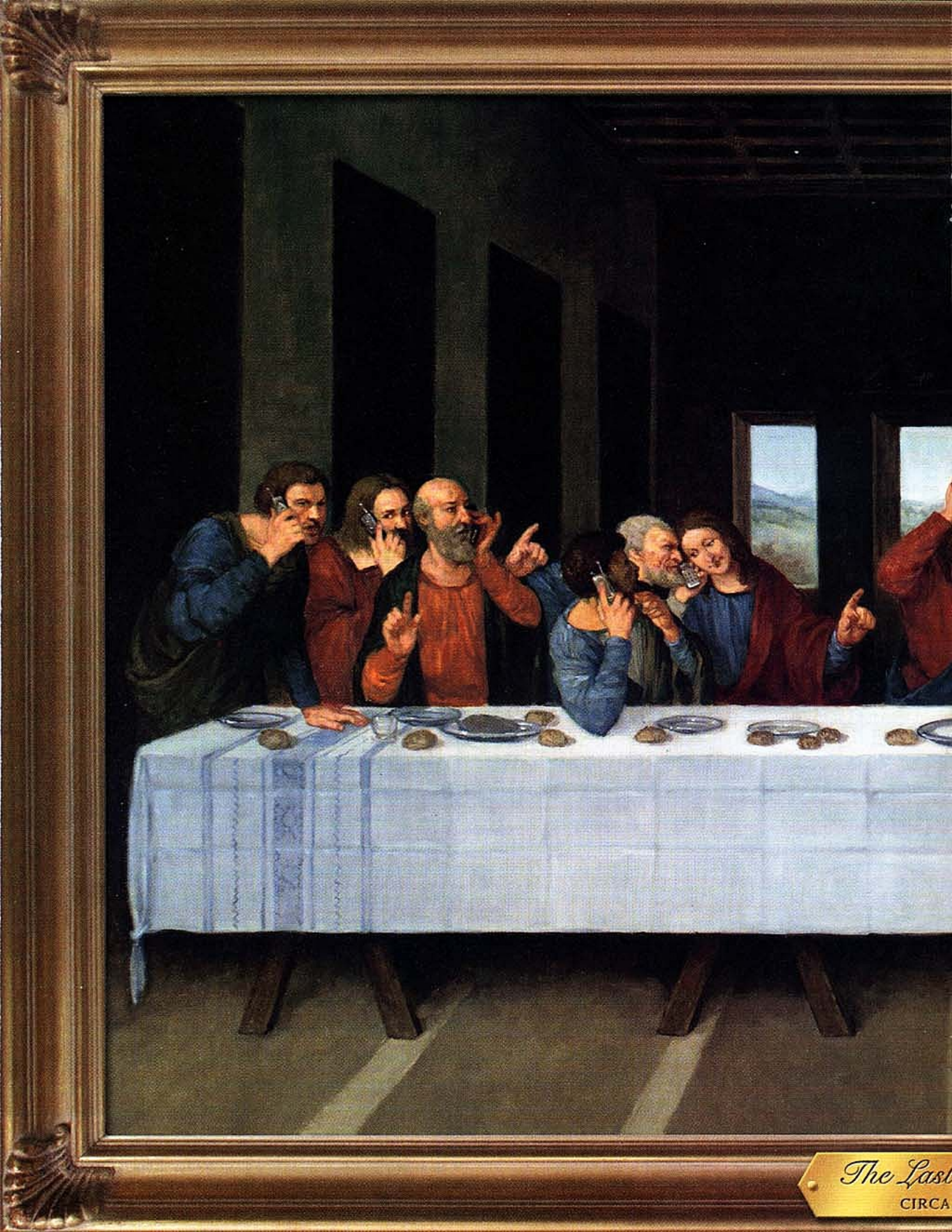


YOU WANT IMPUDENCE?

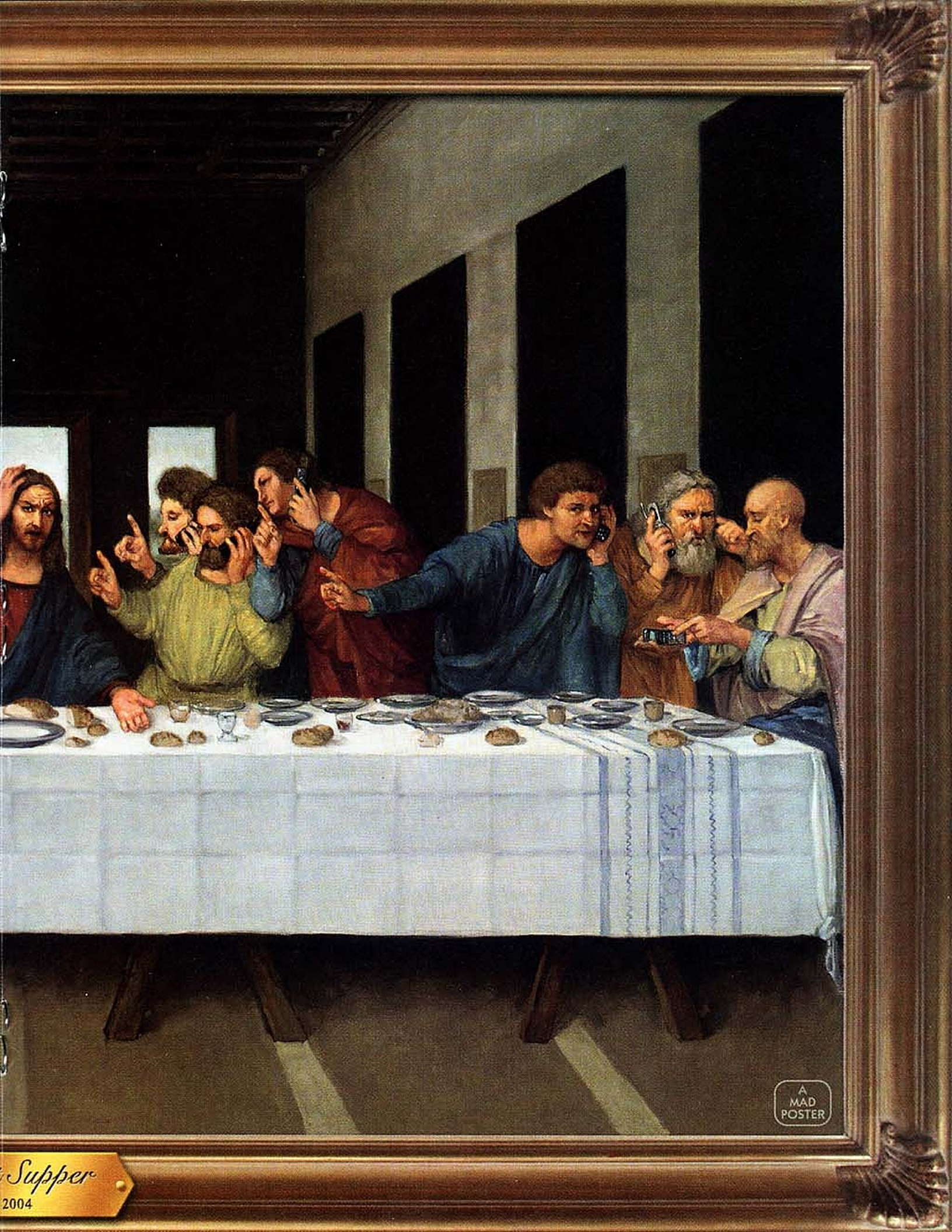
TWO HOURS LATER...

I ASSURE YOU, MY LORD, THOSE MEN WILL BE REPRIMANDED.





The Last Supper
CIRCA 1495



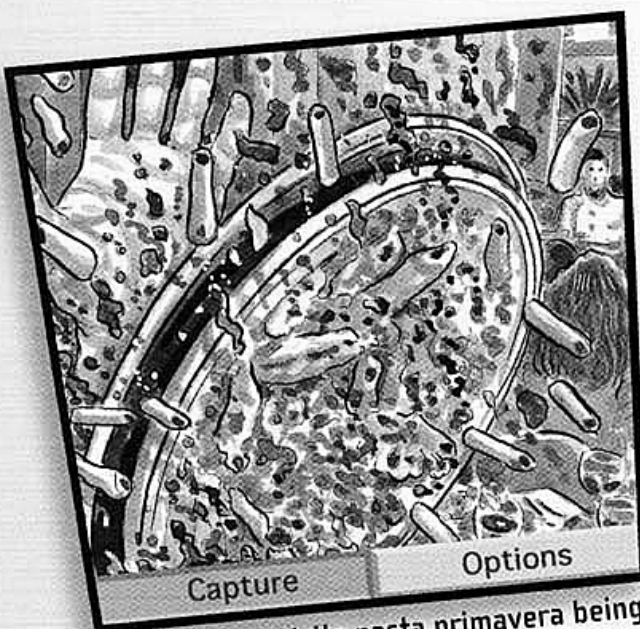
A
MAD
POSTER

Supper
2004



Probably the hottest new consumer electronics gadget these days is the "cheap cell phone-that-takes-pictures," a device that unites TWO of the most irritating types of human behavior: yakking away on the phone in inappropriate places and snapping unwanted photos! And, given that combination, there's likely to be a certain, uh, predictability in the kind of cell phone photos taken by all the loathsome jerks who'll now be engaging in both at the same time! It'll all become clearer than the voice reception on any cell phone you've ever used when you peruse selected images from...

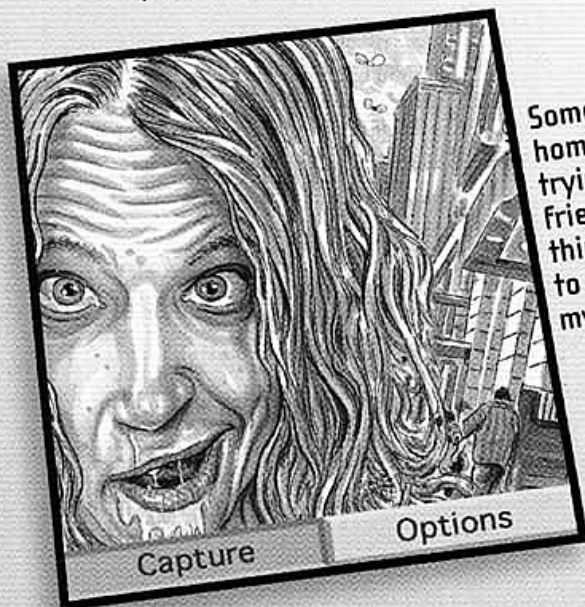
A CELL PHONE-CAMERA GEEK'S PHOTO ALBUM



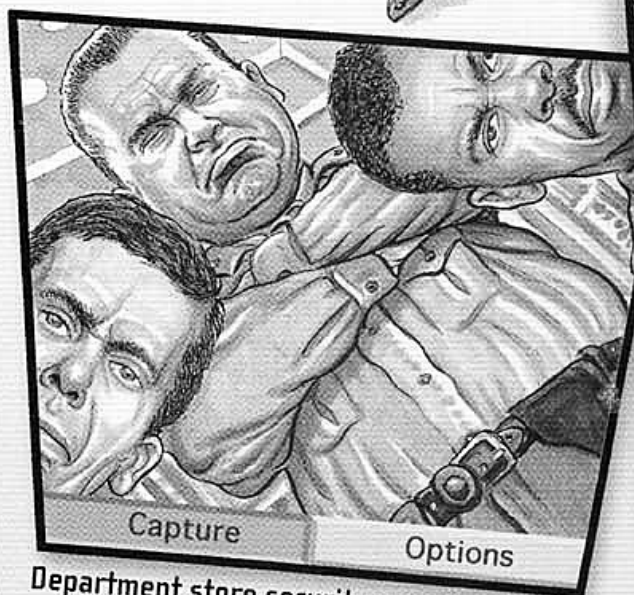
A plate of exquisite pasta primavera being hurled at me by one of several other restaurant patrons after I annoyed them by talking loudly on my phone!



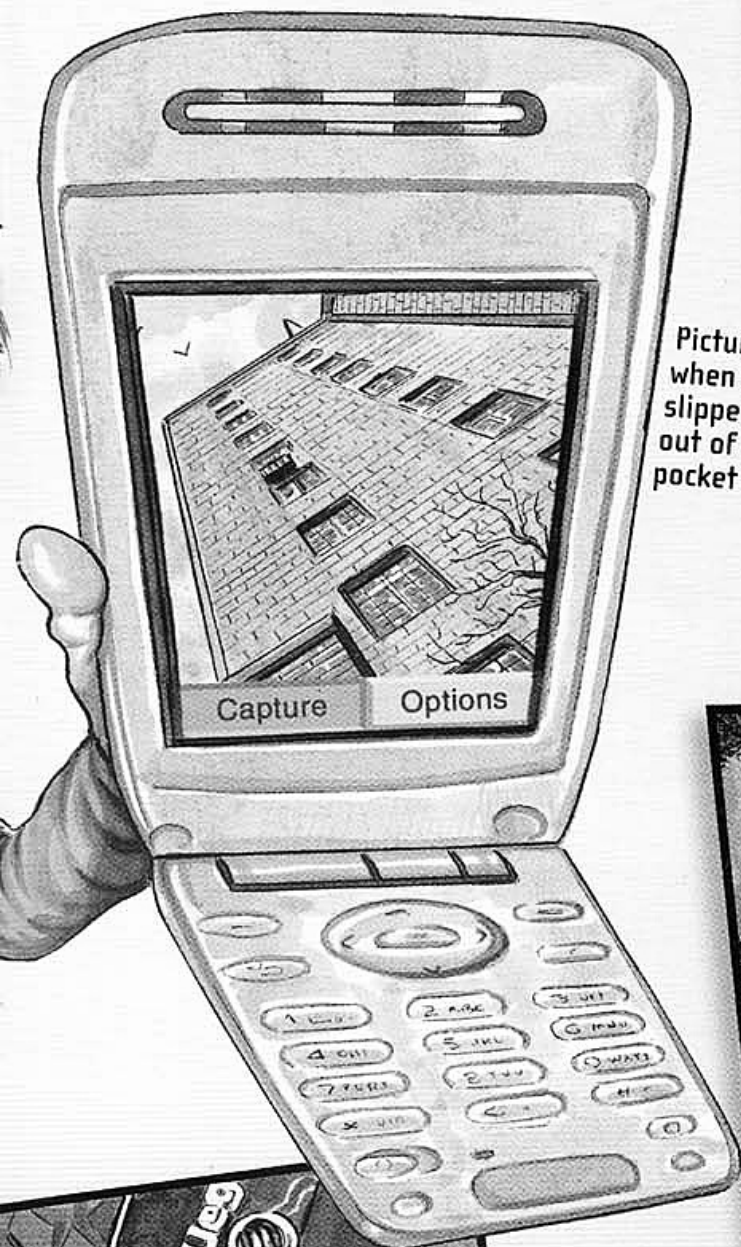
Free photo from skin mag I was too cheap to buy — and the 7-Eleven clerk who objected to my snapping it!



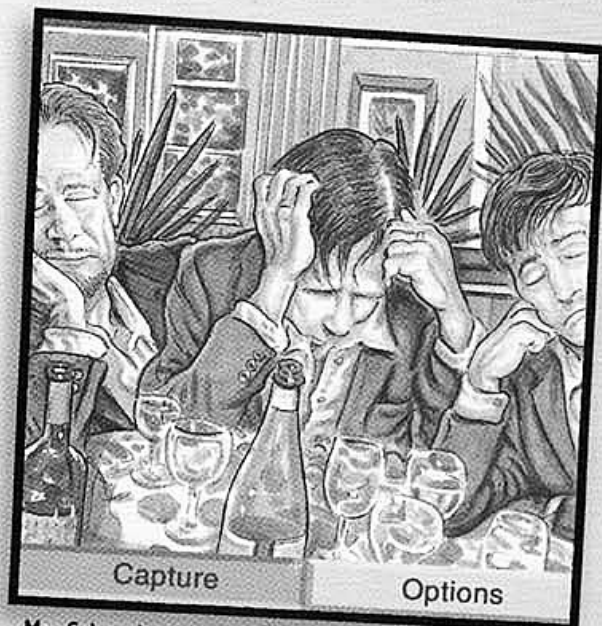
Some schizophrenic homeless person trying to make friends 'cause she thinks I'm talking to the "voices in my head," too!



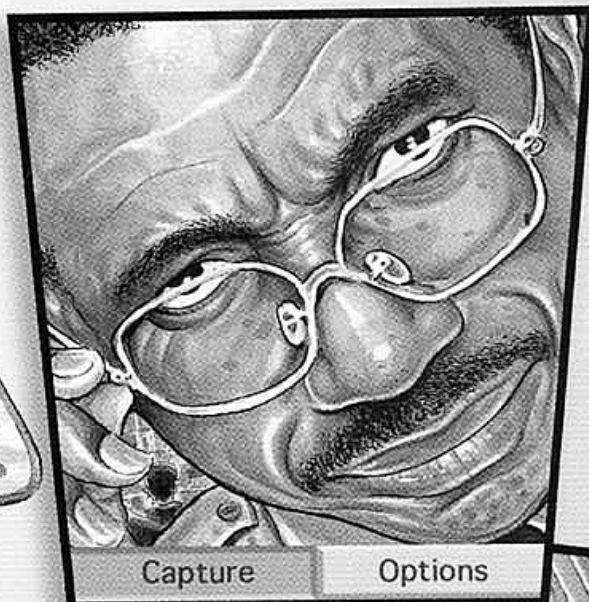
Department store security guards catching me trying to slip my camera-phone under the ladies' fitting room door!



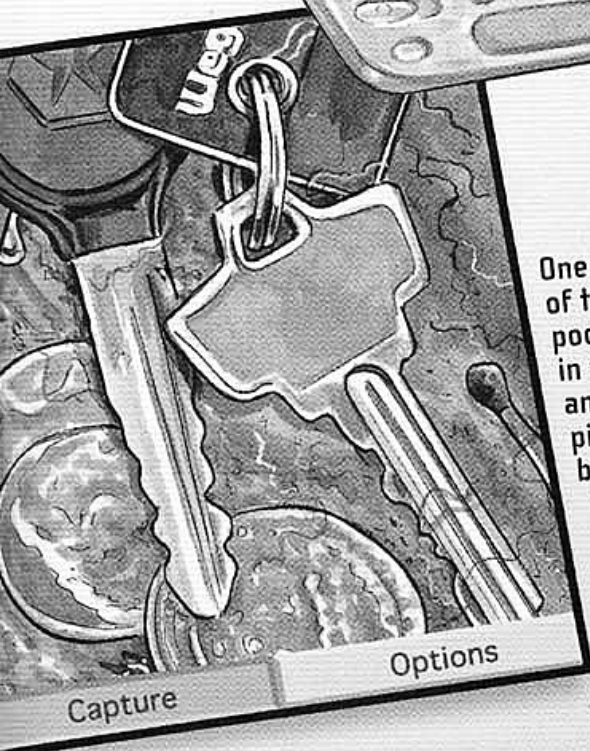
Picture taken when phone slipped out of my pocket — again!



My friends listening as I play them all 58 different ringer tones on my phone!



Close-up of airport Homeland Security guard checking out phone before allowing it on my flight!



One of over 800 photos of the inside of my pocket (as I reached in to get my phone and hit the "take picture" button by mistake!)



Ex-wife flirting with busboy she eventually left me for, while I take a long, pointless call from a buddy of mine during our anniversary dinner!





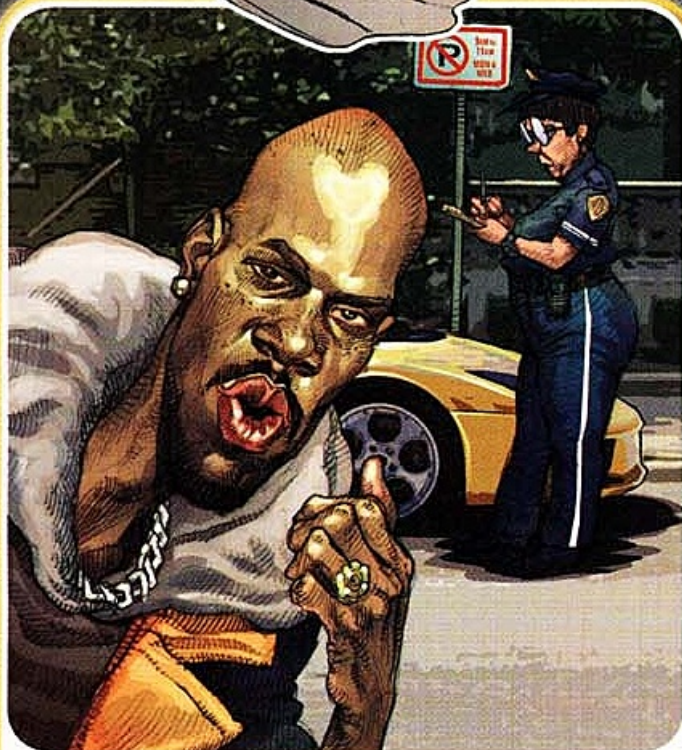
In the world of hip-hop, "keeping it real" is crucial to boosting an artist's sales, even if it's obvious to everybody except the guy's white suburban fan base that he's about as "real" as Richard Simmons (unlike us stupid fresh homies here at Mizz-AD)! Continued career success has become a problem for stars who have to write songs about the roughness of their surroundings, even when the last time they saw their 'hood was from the window of their private Learjet! But how do you know for *certain* when someone's gone from Ice-T to Iced Tea with a spritz of lemon? Wonder no more!



YOU KNOW A RAPPER'S GONE SOFT WHEN...



He's switched allegiances from Eminem and Dr. Dre to Oprah and Dr. Phil.



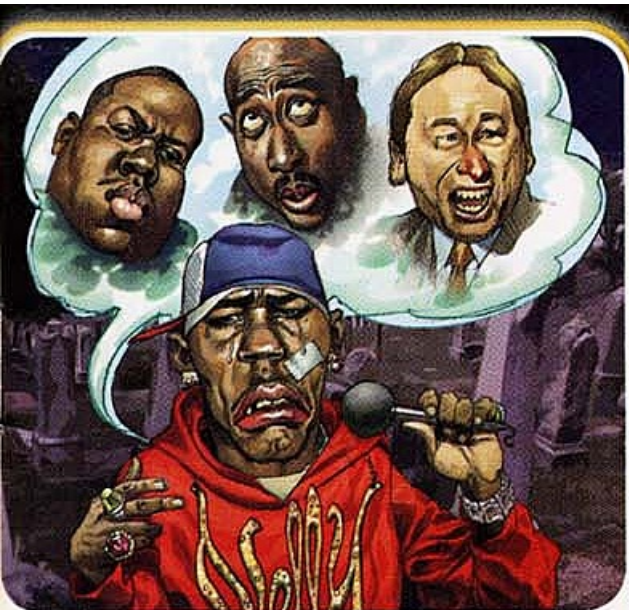
His new anti-police song is mostly a series of vitriolic complaints about the inconvenience of alternate-side parking.



Will Smith calls him a "sellout."



His excuse for not showing up at a battle was that he was already penciled in for a guest spot on *The View*.



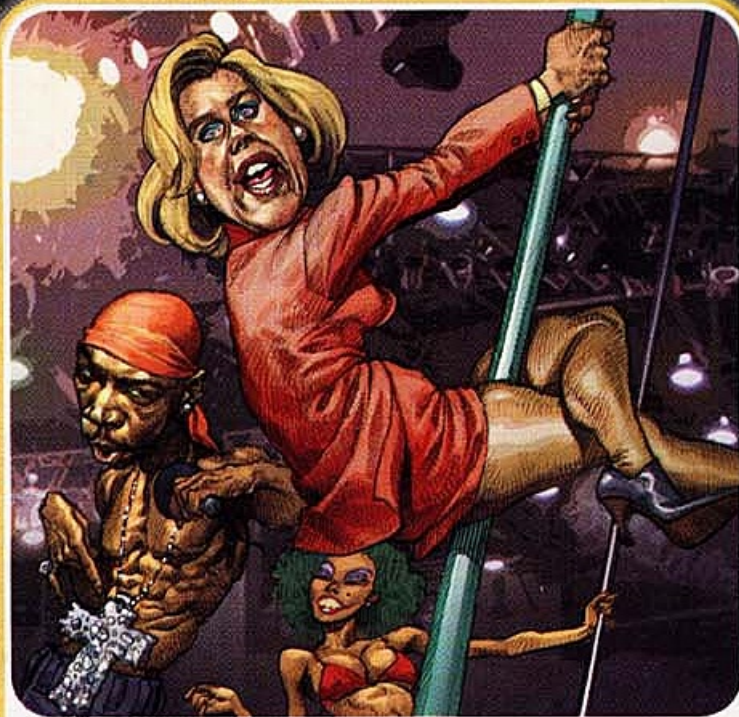
In one song, he passionately mourns the tragic losses of "Biggie, Tupac and Ritter."



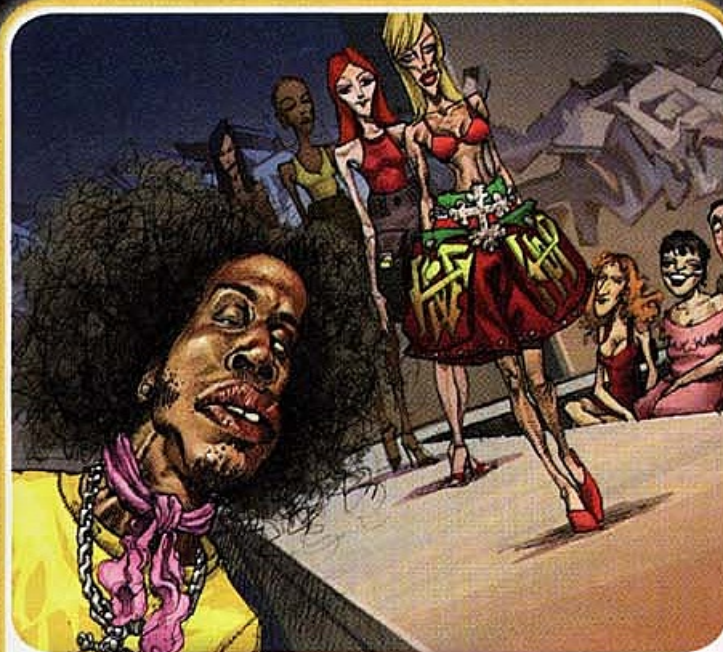
He barely even flinched when Lisa Kudrow snatched the last sautéed truffle at Nathan Lane's annual Hamptons bash.



He's been hanging with Clay Aiken in hopes of boosting his "street cred."



One of the oily, gyrating pole-dancers in his latest video appears to be Tipper Gore.

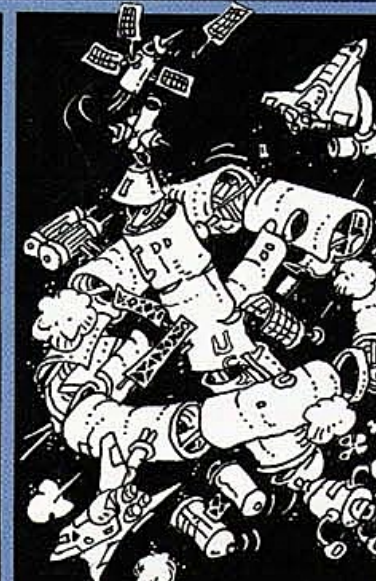
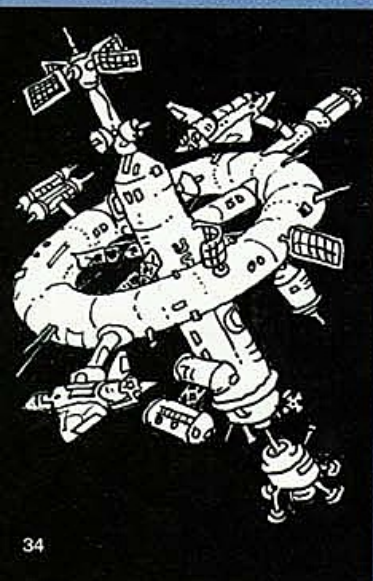
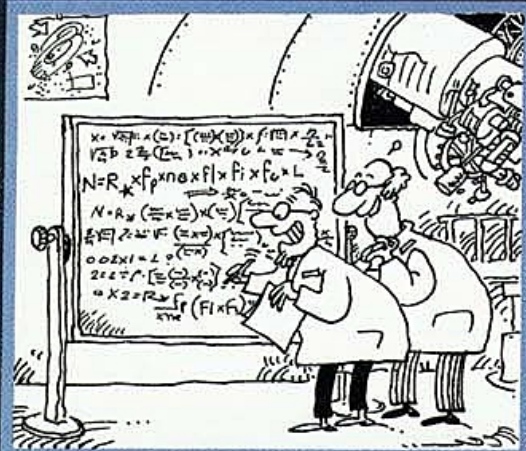
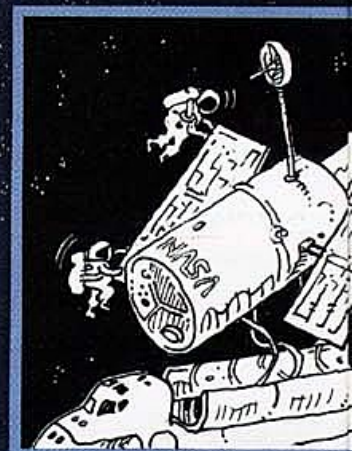


His new urban clothing line features something called "Ghetto Culottes."

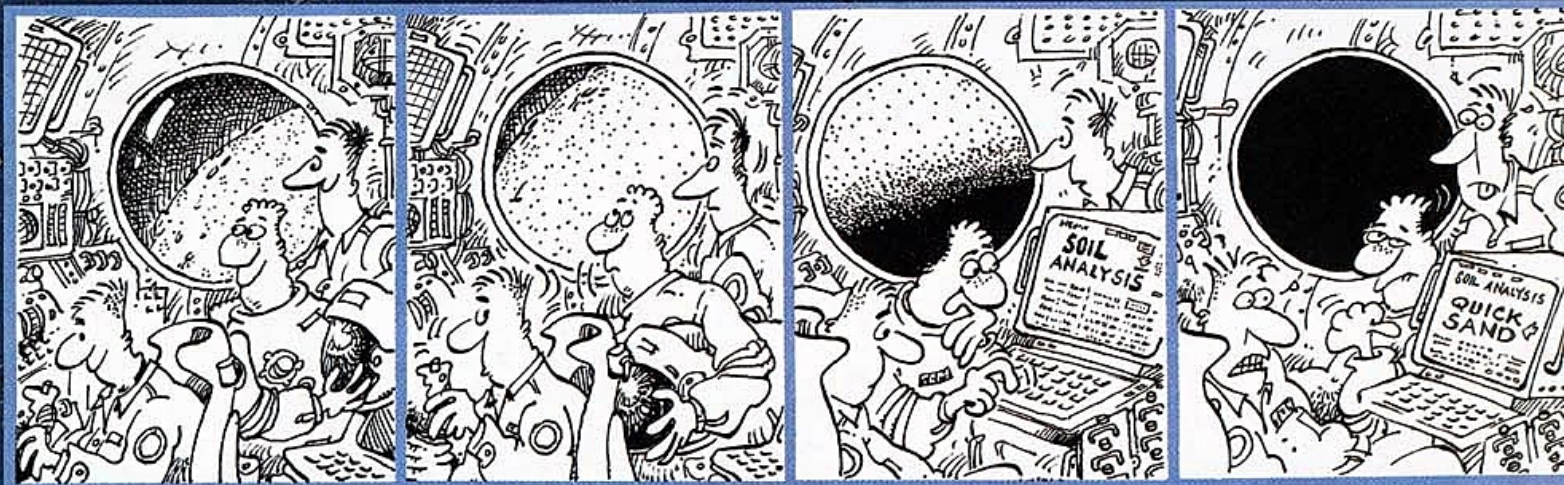
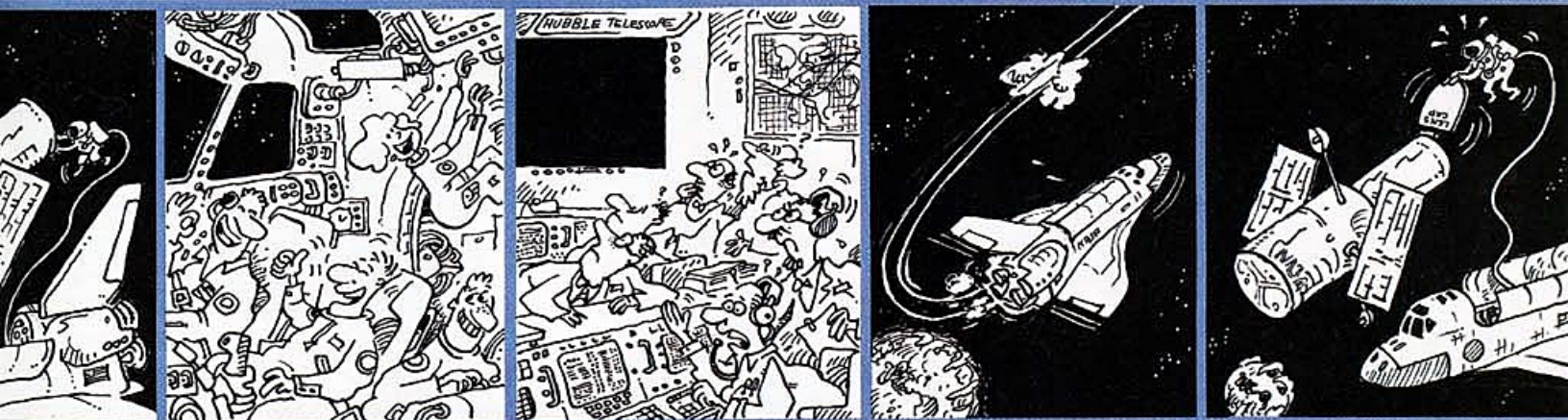


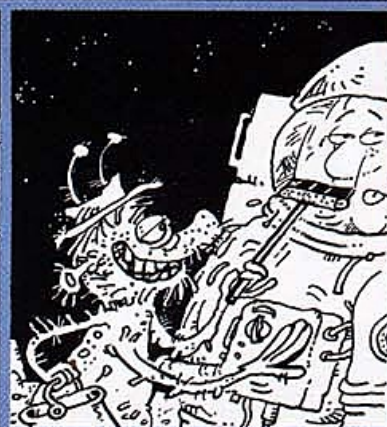
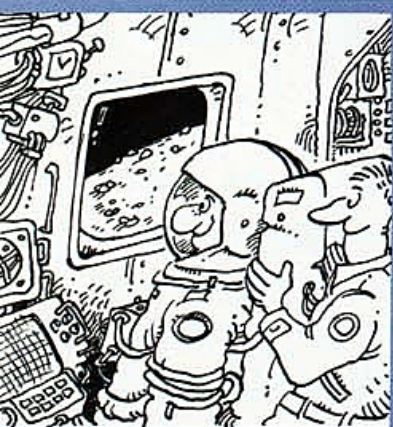
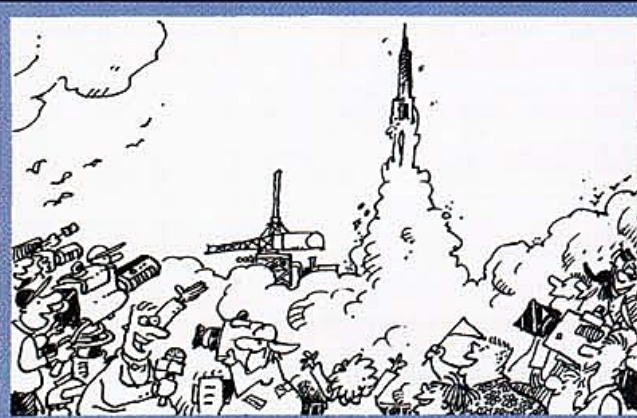
The sampled bits of violent dialogue from *Scarface* on his old albums have now given way to boring snippets from *Cold Mountain*.

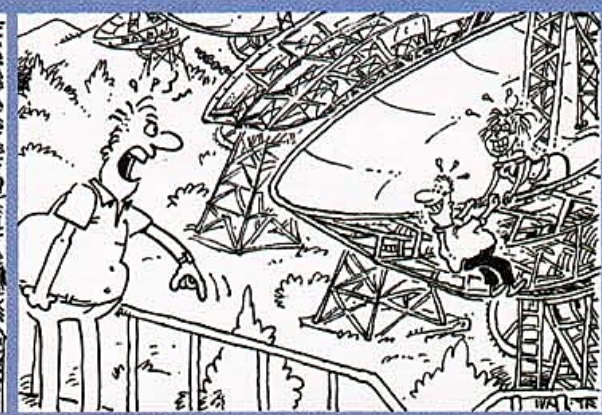
SERGIO FRAGONÈ PRESENTS A MAD LOOK AT S



RACE EXPLORATION





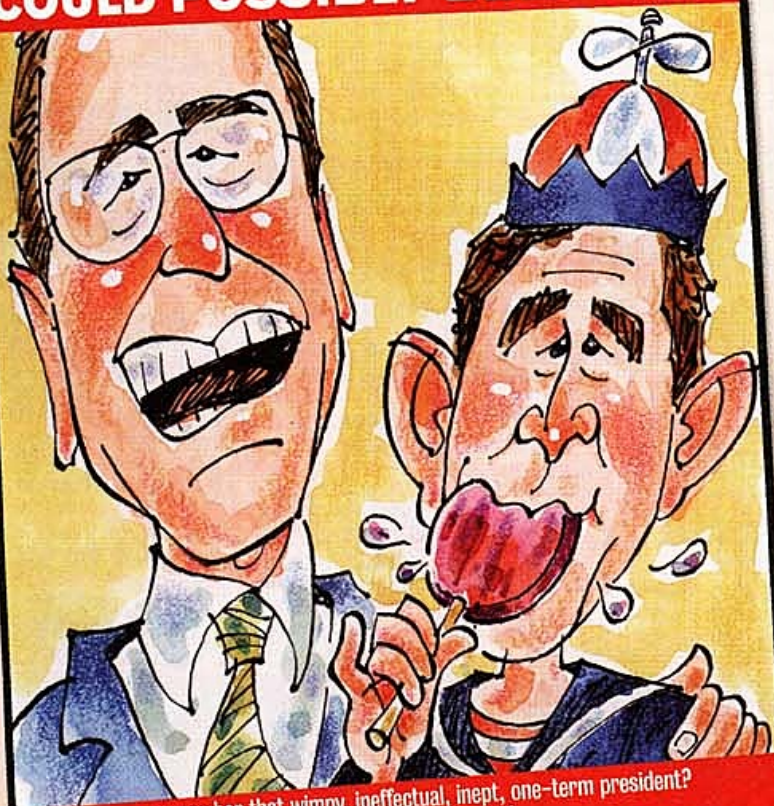




The symbol of the Republican party is an elephant...an obese, slow, lumbering behemoth that mindlessly crushes anything that gets in its path...how apropos! To even better understand the twisted minds of right-wing Republican morons, read...

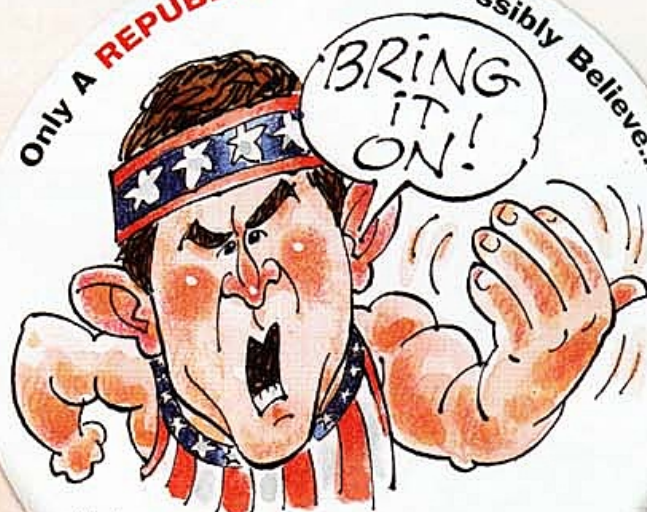
Only A

ONLY A REPUBLICAN COULD POSSIBLY BELIEVE...



...remember that wimpy, ineffectual, inept, one-term president? Hey, let's elect his son!

Only A **REPUBLICAN** Could Possibly Believe...



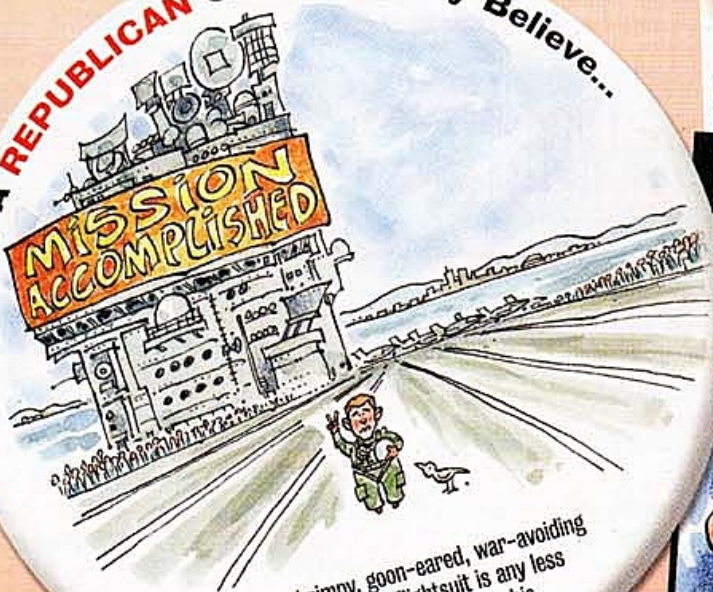
...the best way to maturely deal with the delicate negotiations of international diplomacy and conflict? Holler some cliché macho phrase like a second-rate SmackDown! wrestler!

ONLY A REPUBLICAN COULD POSSIBLY BELIEVE...



...true Americans are absolutely against stem-cell research, teaching evolution, fluoridated water or, basically, any post-19th century advance in science.

Only A **REPUBLICAN** Could Possibly Believe...



...that a shrimpy, goon-eared, war-avoiding chickenhawk in a flightsuit is any less laughable than Dukakis in his Snoopy tank suit.

ONLY A REPUBLICAN COULD POSSIBLY BELIEVE...



...lying about an ill-gotten "quickie" — impeachable bastard! Lying about an ill-conceived war — four more years!

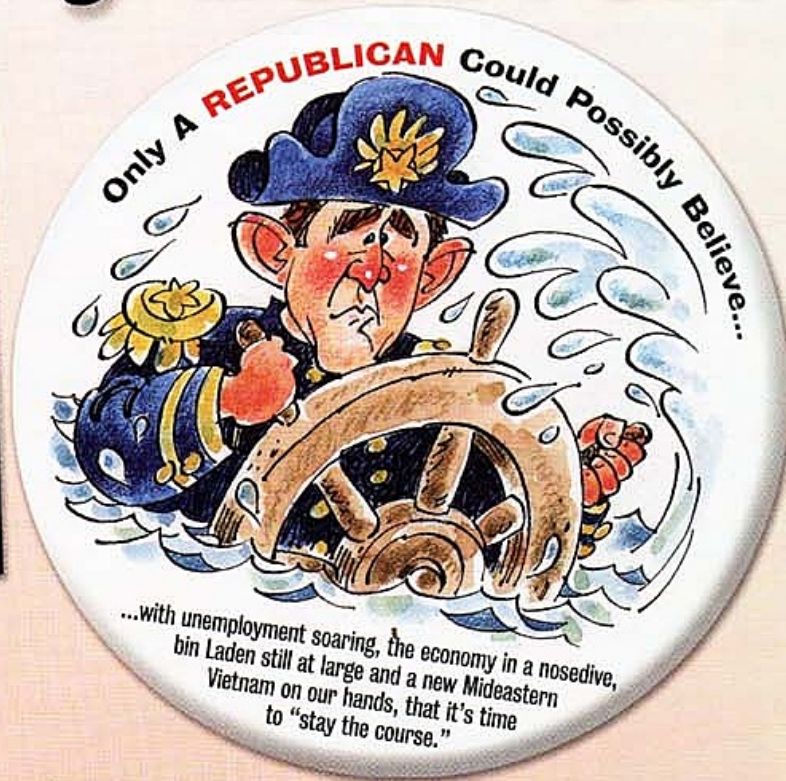
REPUBLICAN

Could Possibly Believe...

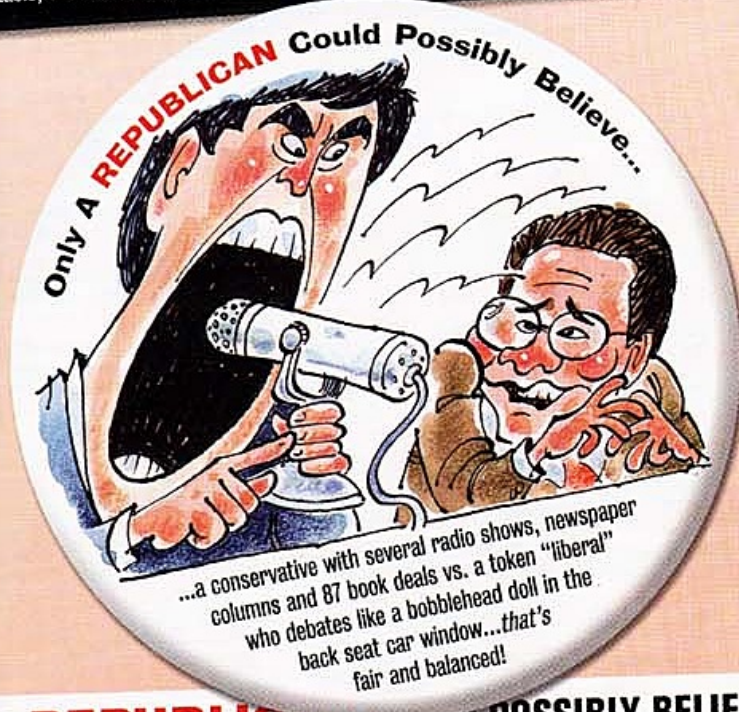
ONLY A REPUBLICAN COULD POSSIBLY BELIEVE...



...that allowing gays to wed would "damage the sanctity of marriage" any more than the unstable, divorce-prone, weirded-out, freaked-up or wacked-out "regular" ones we have now.



...with unemployment soaring, the economy in a nosedive, bin Laden still at large and a new Mideastern Vietnam on our hands, that it's time to "stay the course."

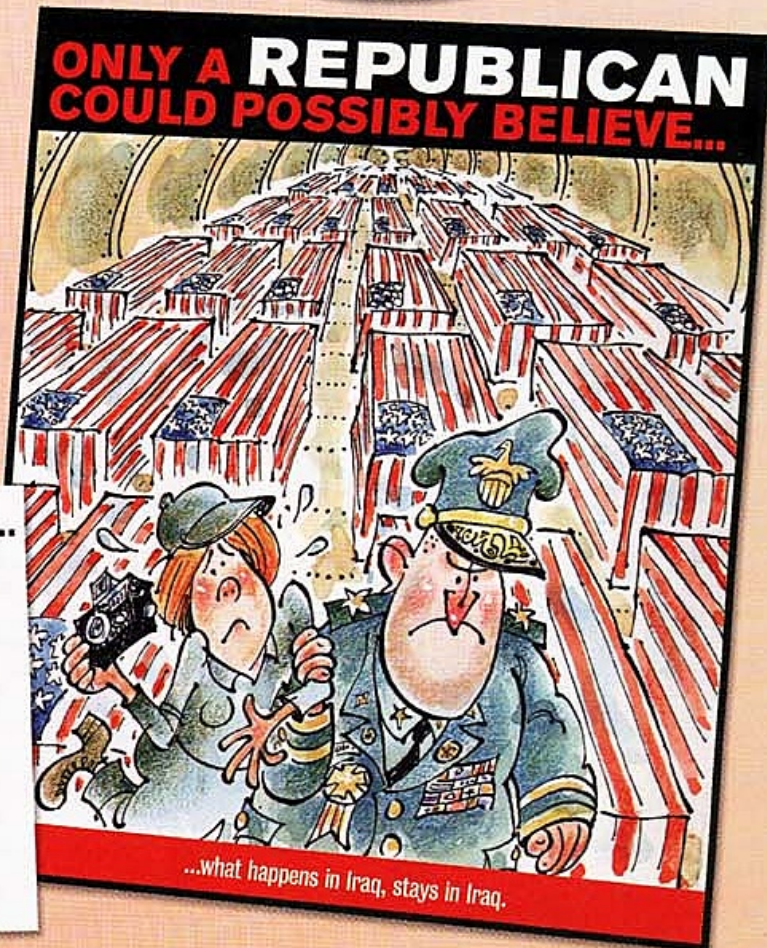


...a conservative with several radio shows, newspaper columns and 87 book deals vs. a token "liberal" who debates like a bobblehead doll in the back seat car window...that's fair and balanced!

ONLY A REPUBLICAN COULD POSSIBLY BELIEVE...



...dissenting opinions are every American's sacred right...as long as it's in a "free speech zone" 47 blocks from the event where no one can hear it.

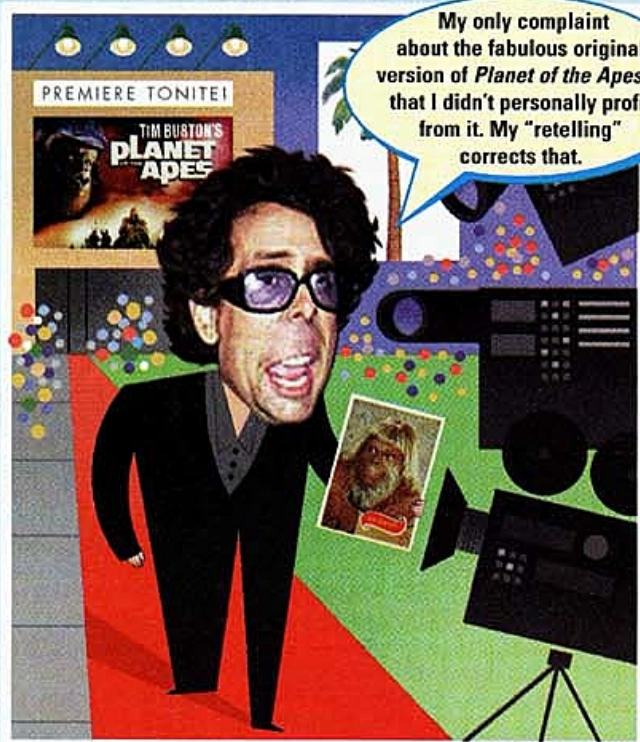


...what happens in Iraq, stays in Iraq.



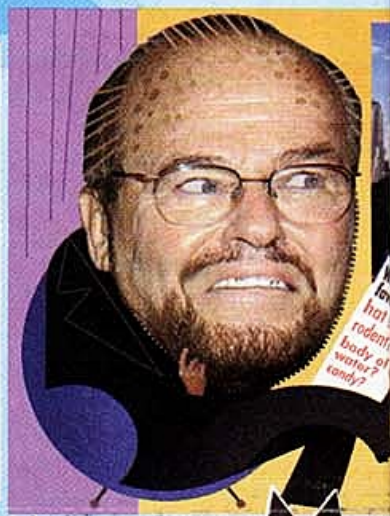
Everyone thinks it's a snap to be a superstar. All you have to do is keep track of your millions of dollars, date other absurdly attractive celebrities (unless you happen to be Kate Hudson) and steer clear of that Ashton Kutcher. But there's much more to being a superstar than just that. If you want to make it in show biz, you also have to have the right mindset (relatively speaking). You have to know...

HOW TO THINK LIKE A



My only complaint about the fabulous original version of *Planet of the Apes* is that I didn't personally profit from it. My "retelling" corrects that.

Pompously inform young actors that it takes years of study and training to become an experienced and seasoned thespian...but confidently feel that just six weeks of researching a role for some shoddy cable docu-drama makes you an expert on the criminal justice system.

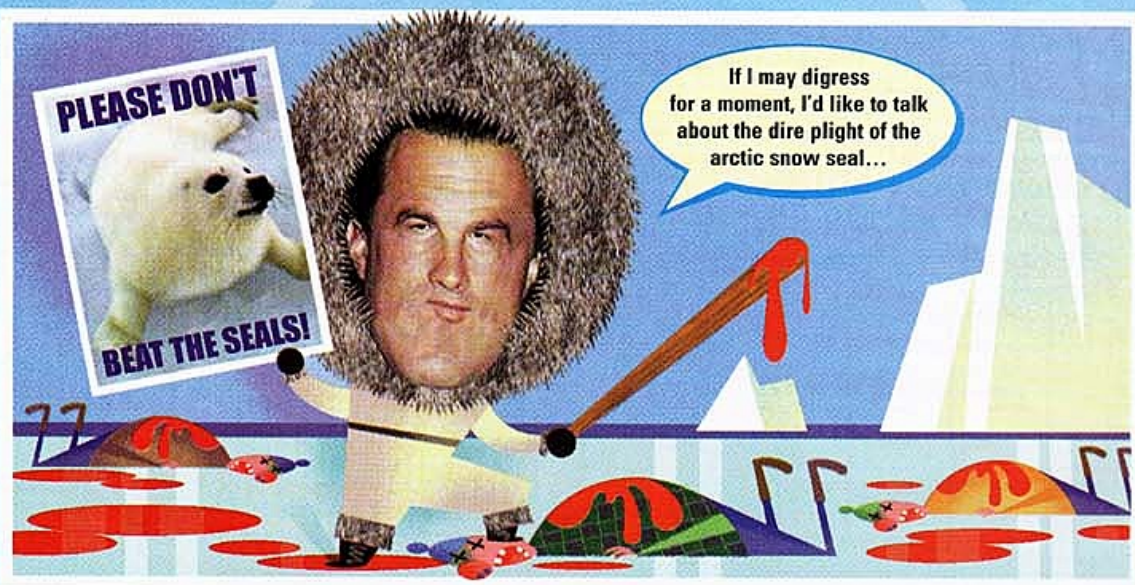


Sincerely praise the movies, songs or TV shows that influenced and inspired you...but feel free to remake them so badly that future generations will never want to see them again.



Grow incensed over the type of censorship the government practices when it refuses NEA grants to artists...but not give a flying stool about censorship when handing journalists a 50-page list of topics that are "off limits" during an interview.

Firmly state that appearing in dozens of movies that glorify violence absolutely, positively has no impact on even the most impressionable kids...but passionately believe that making a single, bloated, self-important ten-minute speech about saving the environment somehow will.



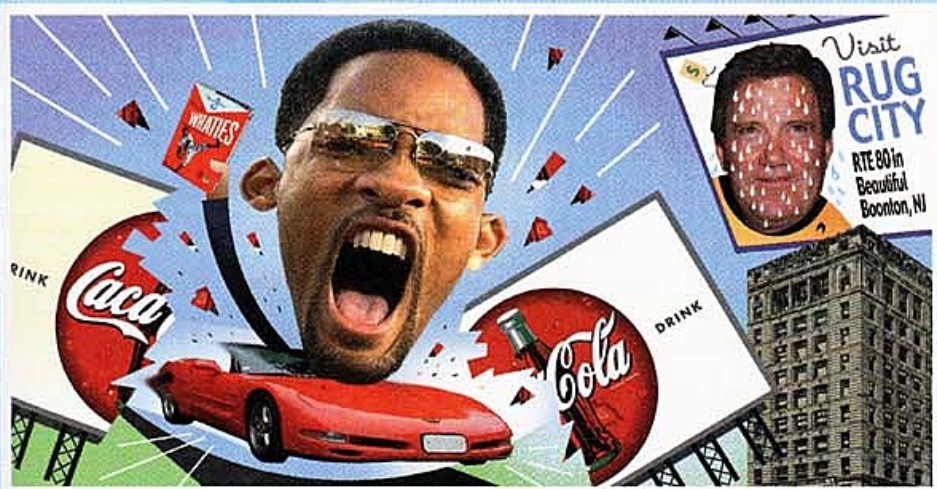
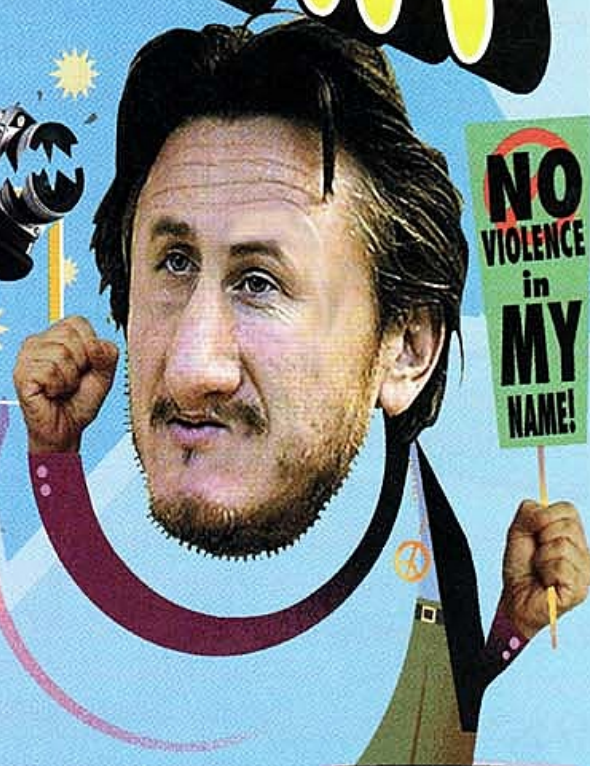
If I may digress for a moment, I'd like to talk about the dire plight of the arctic snow seal...

SUPERSTAR



After researching the role, it's perfectly clear to me that the only solution to the 50-year-old problem of urban crime is tougher policing and zero tolerance for...

Never hesitate to punch out middle-aged photographers... but still present yourself as the next Gandhi by hopping on any Hollywood anti-war bandwagon.



Refuse to do commercials on the grounds that it is beneath you and cheapens your image as an "artiste"... but happily appear in movies that are crammed with endless product placements and more plugs than William Shatner's giant, sweaty head.

Always act coy and embarrassed when talk show hosts reveal film clips from one of your early projects... but proudly hype your new cinematic debacle, despite the fact that it is every bit as ass-trocious.



Spend years deliberately crafting a "bad boy" image and defining yourself as a rebel...but then act shocked and outraged when the same establishment you've deliberately alienated doesn't bestow some stupid award on you.



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